Father Garesché

THE VALUES EVERLASTING

Class BX2182
Book .G3
Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE VALUES EVERLASTING

BOOKS BY FATHER GARESCHÉ

Published by Benziger Brothers

In Same Uniform Series

Each, Net, $1.25; Postage, 10 Cents

LIFE'S LESSONS. Some Useful Teachings Of Every Day.

Will be read and should be read by people who want to turn to best accounts their talents.—*Ecclesiastical Review.*

THE PATHS OF GOODNESS. Some Helpful Thoughts on Spiritual Progress.

It is a most readable book.—*Catholic Bulletin.*

YOUR OWN HEART. Some Helps to understand it.

The Author knows how to talk of men's faults so as to inspire them to do better.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

YOUR SOUL'S SALVATION. Instructions on Personal Holiness.

We know of no spiritual book which deserves to have a larger vogue amongst Catholics.—*Rosary Magazine.*

THE THINGS IMMORTAL. Spiritual thoughts for everyday reading.

The subjects are most important, the treatment simple, practical and persuasive.—*Catholic World.*

YOUR INTERESTS ETERNAL. Our service to Our Heavenly Father.

He presents immortal truths in a direct way that enlists attention and arouses zeal.—*Catholic School Journal.*

THE MOST BELOVED WOMAN. The Prerogatives and Glories of the Blessed Mother of God.

It is enjoyable, very interesting, edifying and highly instructive.—*Dominicana.*

YOUR NEIGHBOR AND YOU. Our dealings with those about us.

Should be in every Catholic library and every busy Catholic should read it.—*St. Xavier's Calendar.*

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION IN PARISHES. Net, $2.75. Postage 15 Cents.

Brimful of ideas, it will be of practical aid to Reverend Pastors in their varied Parish Activities.

MADONNA
Sassoferrato

THE VALUES EVERLASTING

Some Aids to Lift
Our Hearts on High

BY

REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO
BENZIGER BROTHERS
PRINTERS TO THE HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE | PUBLISHERS OF BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE
1922

BX 2182
.G3

Imprimi Potest.
FRANCIS X. McMENAMY, S.J.
Praep. Prov. Missourianiæ.

Nihil Obstat.
ARTHUR J. SCANLAN, S.T.D.
Censor Librorum.

Imprimatur.
✠ PATRICK J. HAYES, D.D.
Archbishop of New York.

NEW YORK, May 25, 1922

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY BENZIGER BROTHERS

SEP -9 '22

©CI.A683140

220.1

Dedication

TO THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN MARY
TOWER OF IVORY

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Dedication	5
Preface	9
The Greatness of the Little	11
It Might Have Been	25
On Being Made Clean	36
The Cheering Thought of Heaven	48
Conformity	63
God's Condescension	76
The Richness of Our Heritage	87
Confidence in Mary	101
The Precious Half Hour	115
Our Devotions	126
Turning Life to Prayer	137
A Strange Delusion	147
Things as They Are	158
Courage	167
Celestial Company	177

PREFACE

A FLOOD of worldly thoughts, worldly ideas and estimates invade the mind nowadays on the wings of the ephemeral print which is so insistently circulated by powerful agencies everywhere. We must read, and so much of the reading matter that is forced upon our attention, teaches insidiously the low values and sordid outlook of the worldling, forever intent on the things of time and quite forgetful of the great issues of eternity.

To protect ourselves from the contagion of this pervading worldliness, we should, in justice to our own soul, turn deliberately aside now and then to dwell upon the values everlasting. As men of old used, when passing through contagious plague spots, to hold to their nostrils a sweet smelling flower, to guard themselves from the infection, so we should hold to the nostrils of our soul the sweet flower of some heavenly thoughts, to guard against the poisonous exhalations of the world.

The papers in the present volume are meant to aid us in lifting up our thoughts toward the eternal things. They are brief and various, so as to interest and occupy a leisure hour. The writer sends them forth with a prayer for all who may read, and he asks in turn from those who may read these lines a prayer for the writer thereof.

Feast of the Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes.

THE VALUES EVERLASTING

THE GREATNESS OF THE LITTLE

For our judgments of men we are so dependent on what we see, that it is usually great and striking deeds that stir us to admiration. The uncommon and the spectacular attract us. Great exploits, sudden shows of courage, feats of intellectual prowess, deeds of physical daring, excite our wonder and compel our praise. But the silent heroism of the many humble and hidden folk among us, scarcely moves us to any admiration at all.

With God, of course, it is quite otherwise. He looks beyond the outward show of things and searches the hidden heart. The glitter and glory of outward deeds cannot deceive His eyes, as they deceive our own. So He loves the heroism that has, to urge and spur it on, no stir of outward pomp and glory, but only the calm, firm, steadfast sense of

duty, the love of God and man. God loves the heroism of little things!

This world, which God has made to carry out His great designs, is admirably well suited to give opportunity and scope for this heroism of little things. The chances to perform great exploits come but seldom in the way of any man. To some of us they never come at all. But all about every one's pathway, offering themselves at every hour, sometimes coming in crowds, besieging our every step—throng opportunities for heroic courage and fidelity in the faithful doing of little things.

The course of every one's life, if we take it by moments, is, after all, only a long procession of little things. One may be a king, or he may be a pope, and seem to the world at large a person whose concerns are all majestic and impressive. But he himself sees wearily that the daily cycle of his life is only a tedious round of little duties, coming with the tireless moments of the tireless days, and each one making some new demand upon mind or heart for heroic and exhausting fidelity in little things. We hear of men whose physical strength gives way under the strain of such high affairs as the government

of a nation or the ruling of an important portion of the Church. Do you suppose that it was any great function of State which wearied them and drained the vigor of their lives? Great functions of State come seldom, and are usually well prepared for; and there is cordial excitement and sympathy and applause to hearten and to cheer. No; what wore them out was the constant, ceaseless round of exacting duties which made up the little things of daily life. To do a great and startling deed now and again is a tonic and a stimulant. But, oh,—the countless little acts of hidden duty—where is the cordial or the tonic in these?

This is the reason why one sometimes finds persons who are deplorably deficient in the performance of little duties belonging to their state of life and who yet surprise their neighbors and all who know them best, by some heroism of devotion, some surprising act of renunciation, or some startling stroke of self-sacrifice. Their courage was not great enough, it may be, to bear the strain of every-day and petty faithfulness. They winced and yielded at the pain of heroic fidelity in little things. But when a sudden opportunity of doing a single striking deed

of self-renunciation came upon them, they found heart of grace for that moment of sublime accomplishment. They had strength enough to be heroes, but not enough to be heroic in little things!

Fiction abounds in such characters, and every-day life has its share of them. Occasionally, when a great catastrophe occurs, some obscure man or woman, of whom no one has heard before, comes into sudden and glorious prominence by doing a heroic action. Of course this heroism of a moment is sometimes only the flowering out of long-continued and hidden faithfulness of virtue in the trifling things of the day's routine. The staunch spirit of self-sacrifice, grown into a sturdy habit by constant exercise in the little things of life, shows itself gloriously in moments of supreme need or danger. But not always. Sometimes Tom or Mary blossoms suddenly out into a heroic action, with no preceding practice of great faithfulness or constancy to prepare them for the noble deed. A sudden occasion, a strong and moving impulse to do something unselfish and great, and Tom leaps out from the crowd and amazes all who knew him—and none more than himself—by playing the

impromptu hero, and covering himself with momentary glory. It is the affair of an instant. There was no time for his fiery enthusiasm to cool away. The very heat of bold resolve which moved him to attempt the deed, carries him through and brings him safely out of it, without space to falter or repent. It is a great help to be committed to a noble line of action with no way out and every one watching us go through with it. Given the proper incentives, most of us could be heroes for one occasion.

But contrast this heroism of an hour, this showy and public doing of a striking deed, with the slow, dull, hidden heroism which one must practice if he will be greatly faithful in all the little duties of life. There is no question then of a swift, exalted instant of spectacular self-sacrifice, with the applause of other men to cheer us, and our own hearts beating high with enthusiasm, and the stress of a great occasion keying us up to heroic courage and sublime achievement. No, there is question rather of the long, weary stretches of dull days with wearing duties, of long hours when we might be doing our own sweet will and taking our own good pleasure, of long moments when the weight

and pressure of monotonous toil grows intolerable from the thought of so many similar moments, which reach behind us and stretch before. To keep steady and cheerful through the lights and shadows of our life's long travels, to keep strong and true to the great ideals which Faith holds up before us in spite of all alluring byways of pleasure and ease, to be good when goodness is commonplace and wearisome beyond expression, and when wickedness, in the false light of this world, is attractive and alluring—this is the every-day heroism, which life requires of the common man. Who that has any deep experience thereof, will ever say sincerely that a momentary feat of glorious self-forgetfulness and courage can ever be truly called harder than those years of painful, dull fidelity and sacrifice?

Most men shrink from such heights of constant faithfulness and honor as this heroism of every day demands. They allow themselves little exemptions from the stern ways of consistent fidelity in little things. They take the edge off unpleasant obligations by small concessions to their own small weaknesses. Where the harness of duty rubs, they ease the hurt by compromises. Perhaps

this is the reason why they find it hard to see how hidden and every-day lives can ever be heroic. Their life is not, because they have no heart for the endless sacrifice which can make dull lives sublime. But only let us try to do all the trivial tasks of every day supremely well, and we shall see what heroism lies in little things.

We have said that it is God's will to offer us all great opportunities of being heroic in these small occasions. The material for noble fidelity and courage lies ready to hand in all the trials and duties of the day. Possibly it has never occurred to you to view your commonplace life as the theatre of glorious and lofty deeds. You feel obscure and little, in the midst of this great world of men and women—so many of them far above you in all that demands attention and wins esteem. But you may become conspicuous and noble at any moment of your days—noble at least and conspicuous in the sight of God and of His angels—by being great and heroic in little things. The duties which harass and oppress you with a weariness that no man on earth, it seems to you, can lighten or comprehend, are only so many doors to greatness. The little slurs and slights you

meet with from other men and women, are matter for grand forbearance and forgiveness. The opportunities for self-sacrifice and self-denial which line your way, are but material for conquests and victories which might almost make the angels envious! Look over your days in the light of these reflections, and see how God has meant your whole life to be a glorious battlefield, with chances at every step for hand-to-hand encounters and mighty feats of arms!

Discouragement, in one form or another, is one of the great causes of our sloth and small accomplishment. Well, here is a cure and a charm against low spirits and discouragement—to think of the heroic possibilities of our dull and common lives. How can any one pine and fret at his lack of opportunity, when there lie ready at hand occasions for unselfish devotion and glorious self-sacrifice which can please the hosts of heaven!

The same all-wise Creator, who has planned His world to give all men this chance to practice the heroism of little things, has been at great pains too, if one can speak so of Him, to make it clear to us all, that it is His will, that we should practice this commonplace heroism. His command-

ments and His counsels all point us on to steadfast fidelity in little things and great.

The command He gave to our first parents in the beginning, may have seemed to them but a little thing, yet it was most momentous in its consequences. Many of their descendants find it hard to see why God still gives us, through His Church, onerous precepts, concerning seemingly little things. The abstaining from meat, the keeping of holy-days and fast-days, the marriage laws of the Church, the regulations of dioceses and parishes—they sometimes seem, to the unwise, nothing but fussing over trifles. Yet, these seeming trifles are in reality momentous things, for they measure our love and fidelity and obedience toward the One Eternal God, the Lord of all.

The most solemn and striking lesson of the importance of little things, of little duties and little cares, was given us by the Word Made Flesh. The pagan nations of old in their longing for some nearer knowledge of God had woven together many curious and fanciful legends of gods who came to seek adventure among the sons of men. But all their notions of what a god would do, if he were to come on earth, ran upon splendid

feats and startling wonders, showy exploits and stupendous deeds, done in the face of an astounded world. Nothing but the magnificent, the striking and the heroic was worthy, so they judged, of the gods who walked with men.

When the true God of Heaven did vouchsafe to come on earth to show mankind the godlike way of living, how singular and unthought of were His deeds! He did indeed live a life which was most magnificently heroic, but His heroism for thirty long years, was the heroism of little things. His days went by in simple obedience, in painful labor, in the thousand small acts of service, kindness and forbearance which make up the plain man's gray and uneventful days. All that the Gospels find to say of Him, during this time, is contained in one small sentence of St. Luke, "He went down with His parents into Galilee and was subject to them." For thirty years, with Mary and with Joseph, He practiced the arduous and hidden heroism of an inconspicuous and laborious life.

Yet no one but God Himself can ever comprehend the full and glorious heroism of every act and thought and word of all those

thirty years. Not a moment but bore its due and utter weight of glory to God, of good to men, of wonder and joy to all the watching hosts of heaven. Not an act of the God-Man, but was in perfect and just accord with the will of His Heavenly Father —in heroic and complete self-immolation of His human will to the plans of God.

This accord is, after all, what makes up the true and splendid heroism of little things —the perfect harmony between the details of our lives and the designs of God's holy will. He does not disdain—that infinitely great and glorious Lord—to have a care even of the littlest things. Seen from the heights of His Infinity, nothing is great or little, save in the sense that all things are great which give Him glory, and all are unspeakably vile which contravene His Will. So that not the least of our daily actions can escape His eyes and nothing can fail to please Him which is done in full concord with His Law. This is one of the lessons we have all of us most need to learn, and it was to teach us this that the Saviour of men spent thirty years in the obscure cottage in hidden Nazareth. He and Mary and Joseph were

seeking in every little thing the great and perfect will of God.

All the men and women who have most gloriously followed the example of Christ's perfect life have done so by heroic faithfulness in little things. Read the lives of the saints, and you will find their hidden faithfulness in the small details of their laborious perfection, more wonderful than their miracles, and more moving than their great, public exploits of charity and zeal. The slow martyrdom of a life of absolute self-sacrifice and fidelity, is a greater proof of love and holiness than the power to move mountains or to bid the sun stand still.

Those holy souls, in every state of life, who practice this hidden heroism of little things, are the salt of the earth, and the light of the world. Think of the patient, and devoted fathers and mothers who pray and toil in a willing slavery from dawn to dusk, keeping their little flock. Think of the priests, who work in God's vineyard, in the loneliness of little parishes, living their daily round of solitude and poverty that they may feed the little ones of Christ. Think of the men and women, vowed to the threefold heroism of the religious life, whose labors

lie in every land throughout the civilized and savage regions of the earth, who live hidden and self-immolating lives in strictest imitation of that perfect life at Nazareth! These men and women are heroic indeed. The bravest soldier who ever led a forlorn hope upon a battlefield, would shrink from taking up their faithful round of daily toil and prayer. Their silent and unselfish devotion puts all show and pretentiousness to shame. The reverence in which their lives are held by those who know them best, is one of the greatest of all encomiums upon the heroism of little things!

We ourselves should draw some cheerful inspiration from the thought of the greatness which lies in doing our little duties well. There they are, forever with us, forever appealing, forever pressing with unceasing urgency—that host of daily tasks. They are our supreme opportunity, if only we will choose to do them perfectly. They hold out to us, with a thousand eager hands, a thousand chances of winning heavenly fame. Our little duties to God, our little duties to our neighbor, and to ourselves, are, each one in its distinctive way, new opportunities for admirable fidelity and self-denial. Let us

greet them with a hearty welcome when they come upon us hereafter, little ways of being generous, little ways of being unselfish, helpful and kind. If we will have courage to practice these little heroisms of hidden fidelity to principle, these little martyrdoms to duty, what peace and calm and happiness of soul will come to us here on earth, and what surpassing glory hereafter! It is little things that lead us to perfection, and true perfection is the heroism of little things.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

THERE is an inexpressible pathos about lost opportunities. One sees it in many instances of life. "The saddest words of tongue or pen," as we are reminded in an antique and ill-rhymed distich, "are those sad words, 'It might have been.'" To have had an opportunity and squandered it, to have had a chance and lost it, awakens regret in the heart, which is no less keen because so unavailing. What a strange thing is time! We are carried on past the hours and the days, and at each moment opportunities, like lovely vistas, open to either side. But the current of time is swift and we can never return. The past opportunities are irrevocably behind us, and no effort of ours can bring us back to them again.

"If you do not ask me what time is," says St. Augustine, "I know; but if you ask me what it is, I find I do not know." What we know of time is its outward reality, its irre-

vocable movement, its unvarying current, the speed with which it carries us on and never releases us to wander back again to the things that were, except by the unavailing and shadowy paths of memory. And we lose, in the swift rush of time, so many opportunities!

It has been said by some of the saints who were blessed with revelations from Almighty God, that if we could see the graces prepared even for ordinary men and women, would they but accept their daily opportunities, we should think that such favors were reserved for the greatest saints. How many of these high achievements, how exceedingly many of the graces which God has laid up for us, we have lost and left behind us by neglecting our momentary opportunities! It is a commonplace in the spiritual life, that one grace leads to another. When we are offered some chance of doing a good act and accept it, it is not merely the merit of that act that we gain, but we take in our hands one link of a golden chain of such graces; and if we accept each one as it comes, this chain of the favors of God will lead us slowly onward and upward toward the heights of perfect virtue. But if we loose from our hand that

one golden link of present opportunity, then we lose the whole chain, for one link is caught up with another, and quitting our grasp on one, we drop them all. One sees impressive illustrations of this in the lives of some of the saints. An opportunity which seemingly was of little moment, to practice an act of virtue or to show their love for God was eagerly seized by them, leading them on to greater effort. It was the instant opening and closing of a door to great vistas of sanctity, as they passed by on the road of life. With love and desire they leapt in, before the door of the moment's opportunity was closed to them, and thereafter their feet walked in new paths and they aspired after heavenly things. The story of St. Camillus de Lellis offers an instance of such a prompt grasping of a moment's grace. He was a broken-down soldier, discharged, disabled from the wars. At the age of nineteen he was already an inveterate gambler, a brawler and an outcast even from the rough circles of the camp. To gain his daily bread he took some menial work in the building of a monastery, and one day a compassionate monk came out to speak a few words of admonition and exhortation to the broken soldier. At that

moment the grace of God touched the young man's heart. He felt contrition for what he had done, resolved to change his ways, and gave the rest of his days to the practice of heroic sanctity.

How many such impulses have come to us! Yet Camillus, brawler, gambler as he was, listened to the Heavenly Invitation. His heart leapt up to meet the grace of God. He seized the opportunity, was moved to contrition, became desirous of amendment. He confessed his sins and began the way of a new life. From that moment's taking of the opportunity of God's grace and pardon, Camillus the sinner went forth to be Camillus the saint.

It was so, too, with St. John of God. A sermon so touched his heart (as how many times sermons have touched our own), that he resolved at once to be quit of the world and to live for God alone. He rushed from the church in such fervor of contrition and love of God that men thought him, for a while, a fool. But from the moment when he rose to that heavenly opportunity, he was a changed man and an heroic servant of God. It was so also with St. Francis of Assisi. He stripped himself of all things, put on a

sackcloth marked with the sign of the cross and went forth to fulfill with rigorous observance the counsel of poverty. It was so with all the saints, so with Ignatius when on his bed of pain he perceived the difference between the delights of the world and the delights of God's service, and made the great renunciation. The heights of prayer and sacrifice to which the saints arose, depended on their seizing of momentary opportunities.

It is the same with all souls who are sincerely zealous in serving God. All goodness is the result of using good opportunities. No amount of dreamy wishing, no abstract speculation, will make any one holy. Holiness comes from the taking of the opportunities of every day for self-sacrifice, good deeds, faith, hope and charity in action, and all the exercises of virtue that make up a holy life. God's graces descend on us at instants; they offer themselves to us for the moment; the moment passes; the grace passes away; the opportunity is either taken or has been refused, and we are richer or poorer for all eternity.

It is a tremendous thought, that our opportunities run forward and impress themselves, for our weal or loss, upon eternity.

Eternity is the logical and irrevocable consequence of our use of passing opportunities. We shall be glorious for all eternity in just the proportion that we use the opportunities of time. A thousand crowding chances, met with day after day in the ordinary course of our lives, offer us occasions for acts of faith, of hope and of love both toward God and our neighbor. Little words of charity, the opportunity for small deeds of goodness, small services to our neighbor and the Church which lie in our path, the myriad interweavings of good deeds which make up an ordinary Christian life—these things are seemingly slight and infinitesimal in themselves, a mere web of passing opportunities, yet they are the stuff of which is woven the cloth of gold of our eternal glory. Every time we neglect and pass over the chance of a good deed offered us, we lose, so to say, one strand in the bright robe which we shall wear before the eyes of the Almighty. Every least opportunity seized upon and made use of; every good action which we perform for the love of God, is another golden thread to help to clothe us before God and His saints in the days to be. Throughout our years we have been using or refusing our momen-

tary opportunities, and there is ready for us now, through God's mercy and kindness, a garment of heavenly glory more or less beautiful, more or less richly adorned with the gold that does not tarnish and the jewels that will not perish, according as we have made use of or neglected them.

Viewed in this light, how immensely important even the small chances of life become! Consider the many moments in which we can pause and make an act of love of God. To love God for His own sake is the most profitable of all actions. One such act clears the soul of mortal sin, adorns it with greater graces, and gains merit for eternity in the eyes of God. Granted a little thoughtfulness, a little care, and our life is full of opportunities for making an act of God's love. Both misfortune and joy, fullness, and need, happiness and distress are continually reminding us of our dependence on God, our need of His infinite goodness and love. The shadows of earth point us toward God, just as the brightness of Heaven reminds us of Him. In pain or sorrow our thoughts turn to the Father who can relieve all our distresses. Fullness and content remind us of Him from whom all blessings

flow. In Him we live and move and have our being, and all things conspire both without and within us to remind us continually of the mercy and tenderness of God and to multiply our opportunities for loving and serving Him.

It is a little and an easy action to love God, so far as concerns the labor and effort required. It is an endlessly holy and precious, weighty and glorious thing to love Him, so far as concerns the merit and dignity of the action.

How life multiplies and presses upon us opportunities for that other exercise of Divine Charity which, with the love of God, fulfills the law—to wit: the love and help of our neighbor! Our neighbor is, as it were, the representative of God for us. Since we can neither benefit nor help the Infinite Goodness who is the object of our love, He gives us our neighbor in His stead whom we can benefit and save. "Whatsoever you do to one of these My least brethren," He says, "you do it to Me." God wishes us to understand that in our neighbor we have endless opportunities for serving and loving Him.

In many ways we have been offered

chances for helping, serving, saving even, those about us. How have we used those golden opportunities? There is no one to whom such thoughts will not bring some sense of loss and of regret. Weak and fickle creatures that we are, we do the evil that we will not, and we omit the good that we would do. It is hard for us to keep in mind these great and eternal truths, for we are so set about and distracted by the things of time. Therefore, looking back over the years, who will not be struck sad at the multiplied loss of opportunities? Consider how long you have lived on earth, and reflect how constantly each moment of your conscious life has crowded upon you the golden gifts of opportunity! We are all but too sadly aware how often we have neglected, missed and squandered our chances of grace and merit.

The fruit of these reflections must be to stir us to desire to seize our opportunities yet to come. We shall have to gird ourselves with resolution and strengthen our hearts with charity, so as to make use at least of the hours that still remain before that night cometh wherein no man can work. Thanks to the mercy of God, our oppor-

tunities are never over, until life itself is done. Bright and exquisite as were the vistas of possible achievement in God's service which have passed and which lie forever behind us, His mercy is continually opening up to us still newer chances of serving and loving Him. It may even be that in His mercy the opportunities to come will surpass those which have gone before. By resolving now to seize upon them as they arise, we shall be able to do great things for God and our neighbor before we die. Happy for us that we are offered so many, many opportunities!

God woos us with manifold graces. His blessings are never exhausted, His mercy never ceases, until we die. Then indeed the way of our opportunities is closed; the door is sealed forever. We shall then, for all eternity, live and be what we choose to be now during our time of probation, when opportunities are thick and bright about us.

Let us take these thoughts to heart betimes. There will come a day, alas, when, having by the mercy of God gained purgatory, we shall, in that wakeful darkness, think over with sorrow and regret the days of our life. Oh, then how we shall linger

upon and regret each lost opportunity of our life! In that clear and marvelous self-knowledge, in that complete vision of the value of eternity and the nothingness of time, in that light which memory will throw upon our life, we shall see in its fullness the priceless ness of every opportunity of merit and of glory, and the realization will be perhaps one of the keenest of the pangs of purgatory. How wise we shall be if now, while there is yet time, we avert this fruitless suffering. Let us make amends, in the time that remains, for all our lost opportunities. Let us seek to surpass ourselves in vigilance and fervor, seizing each new occasion for self-sacrifice, faith, love and effort in the cause of God and our neighbor during those few and brief hours that still remain of our time of trial and opportunity on earth.

ON BEING MADE CLEAN

THE doctrine of purgatory is hardly counted, by many pious Christians, among the sources of their spiritual consolation. In fact, the thought of purgatory is, to most of us, a disquieting thought, quite the reverse of consoling. It is a teaching of our Faith that there is after this life a state of punishment, wherein the souls of those who have departed this life in the grace of God but with venial sins unforgiven, with the punishment of forgiven sins not yet atoned for, must abide in banishment from heaven until they have satisfied the justice of God and are cleansed and fit for heaven. But to suggest to us that in this doctrine is to be found the source of a truly consoling assurance, is perhaps to go beyond what we have ever thought concerning purgatory.

Still, if we consider the name which is given to this place or state of pain, we shall see the glimmerings of that consolation, shining like a distant light through the

shadows of the misty land of atonement. For purgatory means a place of cleansing, and so we are assured by the very existence of this state of purgation, that when we emerge therefrom we shall be cleansed and free from the last imperfection which tormented us upon earth, from the last trace of our faults and our sins. This assurance, if we esteem it rightly, has in itself much consolation. It reminds us that one day, in God's good time, we shall be delivered from the soils and wounds which our transgressions have left upon our poor souls.

To those who love and serve God, the thought of their unworthiness to meet the sight of the Most Holy and Most Pure, is a real and keen distress. Indeed, the conviction of man's guilt in the sight of God, is part of the great heritage of human sorrow, and the effort to be cleansed of sin and the consequences of sin, is at the root of many practices of penance and atonement found among pagan and barbarous tribes. The weakness of our nature inclines us to trangress God's law, but once the sin is committed, shame follows fast on its traces, and the unhappy sinner seeks for some means to purge his soul of the stain of his unhappy

fault. It is thus common to all men who are not hardened in guilt or sophisticated by false theories, or who are not so ignorant as to be unable to comprehend their situation, to desire some means of being freed from their past sins. Hence the rituals of penance and atonement, to be found in all religions; hence the austerities and mortifications which are part of the universal language of piety; hence men are drawn to severe and difficult practices of purification, whereby they hope to be made clean from sin and the consequences of sin.

Thus the means of penance and satisfaction which the Church offers her children in this world, are not only a necessity to our fallen and sinful state, they are also the answer to a craving of our nature. The desire to be clean of the consequences of our sin, which is so ingrained in us, and which has given rise to so many non-Christian ceremonies of purification, is answered in a merciful and complete way by the sacraments, which offer to the sinner, no matter how deep and terrible his guilt, an opportunity of being cleansed and healed of his transgressions, providing he be truly repentant. The craving to be clean from sin is a

salutary desire, and so God has given to His Church the means to gratify it.

Yet in the personal application of these means of cleansing to our own soul, there always remains a certain degree of obscurity. We are, unhappily, sure that we have sinned, as St. Augustine says, but we are not sure that our sins have been forgiven. Still less are we sure that our penances, the use of the sacramentals, the gaining of indulgences, have rid us of all the remains of sin, of all the punishment still due after the guilt has been forgiven, of all the lesser sins which we have not rightly repented of. These things may still soil and burden our soul, even after our serious sins have been forgiven. When, then, shall we be certain of being completely friends of God? When shall we know that all traces of our sins have been banished from our soul? The answer is, "When we come forth from purgatory."

Whatever God does, is done well and thoroughly. Whenever He creates a thing for a special object, that object is attained. It is scarcely necessary for us to reason long to convince ourselves that since the state of purgatory has been created by God for the

express purpose of cleansing our souls from all trace of sin, and making us utterly pure and ready for heaven, this purging of our spirits will be well and perfectly accomplished. When we emerge from the fiery bath of purgatory we shall be quite clean and fit even for the eyes of God. There will be in us then no speck or stain of human sin. We shall literally be as pure as the angels, and the glory of our sanctifying grace, that gold of the spirit, that gift of God which makes us holy, will shine out with splendor, no longer obscured by the slightest stain. We shall be a worthy associate for the company of the Blessed, and the eyes of the angels and the saints, bent on us with intensest love and welcome, will discover in us nothing unfit for the pure light of heaven. If we can conceive even very faintly the joy of that ecstatic moment, when we shall look our own selves through and through and discover in all our being no speck or stain, we may see what consolation is to be found in the thought of a purgatory.

If there existed some marvelous process, discovered by modern medicine, for cleansing and rejuvenating the whole human system, washing out all the accumulations of

disease, renewing all the organs of the body to the cleanness and vigor of youth, making the frame glow with health and strength and prolonging indefinitely the life of the body in the flush of well-being and physical perfection, how eagerly the feeble, the diseased and the old, would throng to beg the favor of being treated and cleansed and healed. It would not matter to them that the treatment was painful and tedious, that it was costly and exacting—they would bear the pain for the sake of the future peace. The assured hope of seeing an end to all the infirmities and uncleannesses which vex them, would make them willing to submit to hard conditions and to bear agonizing pain.

Purgatory is indeed such a cure for the uncleannesses and diseases of our nobler part, the soul. It rejuvenates, so to say, our spirit, jaded and old with the sins of this wretched life. It restores to us that innocence which was ours in the glorious youth of our soul, when we had been born again of water and the Holy Ghost and were without spot in the eyes of God and of His saints. It frees us forever from our spiritual illnesses, themselves the results of our sins, and ushers us into a glorious existence

in which sin will be impossible, where we shall forever enjoy the fullest youth and life of the spirit, in a health and joy that knows no end. It is good to think that there is such a remedy for all our soul's evils, such a place of cleansing that can wash and burn from the very inner marrow of our soul all shameful and sickening stains.

Again, one sees the willingness with which surgical patients submit to painful and dangerous operations to secure even a trifling prolongation of their life, even a brief respite from some terrible disease that is devouring them. They will agree to leave their homes and their occupations, to be cut and burned, to pass long hours of suffering, to risk their precious lives on a chance of being healed. They have no such absolute assurance as has the soul in purgatory, that they will be cleansed and healed. They have no certainty that the result of the treatment will be favorable in proportion as their sufferings are dolorous. Yet they put themselves in the hands of the surgeon, they take the anæsthetic and bear the after consequences of an operation, thanking God that there are hospitals and operating rooms and men skilful enough to make the incisions in

their bodies, which may give some health where before there was illness and corruption.

When we pass into the keeping of the angel of purgatory, there will be no doubtfulness or speculation. With the sureness of a divine decree, our soul will be purged and cleansed of its last stain, made utterly healthy and pure and prepared for the bright wedding-feast of heaven. In that hospital of souls there is no uncertainty of a cure. We shall rest content, even in the anguish of purgatory, because we shall be so sure of our healing, so confident of our eternal vigor of body and soul forevermore.

If we were not assured by faith of the existence of purgatory, and by reason, of its complete efficacy to cleanse our souls, we might be driven to worry and to wonder how such creatures as ourselves might ever be made fit for heaven. Nothing defiled can enter there, and which of us but is sure that he has not that spotless innocence that would entitle him to pass the portals of the God of infinite purity? True, by severe penance, by a rectitude of intention and holiness of life that would atone for our past transgressions and avoid all new occasions of soiling

our souls by sin, we might hope to make ourselves so clean of spirit that we could go straight from our death-bed into eternal glory. But we can scarcely flatter ourselves that we are brave enough or strong enough for such a perfect self-purification. Most of us have an abiding conviction that when we have done with this life we shall need a period of cleansing in purgatory, for we are aware that we have not done enough in life to atone for all the punishment due to our sins.

Purgatory is therefore our refuge and our hope of cleansing. What we cannot or will not do for ourselves in this life, God's mercy will do for us effectively in purgatory. It would be much better so to live as not to need those searching fires, just as it would be much better for men so to live as never to fall into the hands of physician or surgeon. But since we do fall ill and languish because of our sins, and have not ourselves the strength to overcome our weaknesses, it is a merciful thing that there waits for us at last an effective means to become clean and ready for God's banquet everlasting.

There are many other consoling corollaries from the doctrine of purgatory—more

than there is space to tell. For one thing, this doctrine reminds us that we can by our good actions and our sufferings, borne in satisfaction of the justice of God, lessen more and more our purgatory and cleanse our soul more and more completely from the stains of sin. The more we do in this world by way of penance and atonement, the less will remain to be done when we are come to purgatory. Even the bearing of the trials and sorrows of every day for the love of God and in reparation for our offences, will lessen our time in purgatory.

It is consoling, too, to remember that by the gaining of indulgences we can shorten, for ourselves and for others, the time of purifying. The means of gaining indulgences are multiplied by the Church to encourage us thus to apply the merits of Christ for the satisfying of the temporal punishment due to our sins. Somehow or other the satisfaction must be made, and it rests with ourselves whether it shall for the most part be accomplished in this world, or deferred to the hard ordeal of purgatory. The woes of this world are brief and passing. It will help us to bear them if we think that each of these temporal afflictions, duly

offered up in atonement for our sins, is of immense efficacy in cleansing our souls.

We shall understand all these things far better when we have done with the illusions of life, and entered into the portals of eternity. Then our poor soul, conscious for the first time of the hideousness of the stains of sin, and agonized by the desire of being made clean and fit for the sight of God, will cry out for the baths of purgatory. In his poem "The Dream of Gerontius," Cardinal Newman has voiced this desire in a moving lyric: "Take me away," cries out the soul, "and in the lowest deep, there let me be!" The poor souls in purgatory are most grateful to God for providing this cleansing fire wherein they are made pure of what now alone afflicts them—the traces of their sins. Though they suffer, yet they are consoled in the midst of their pain, for they know that every instant brings them nearer to the glory of heaven.

So, if we look intently on the doctrine of purgatory, we, too, shall discern therein some comfort and consolation. Whether or not we have courage to cut away, ourselves, the rankness of the wounds of our souls, there is a cure hereafter that will make us utterly

whole. Whether or not we leave this life quite free from all affection to venial sin, there is a place of purging that will detach us utterly from all that is not perfectly pleasing to God, and deliver us from our baser selves, our plague and our shame all our life long. We dread the approach of death because we feel ourselves so unworthy to appear before an all-holy God, from whom nothing is hidden, who searches the heart. But God has had pity on our misery and has provided for us an antechamber to heaven, where, like courtiers of a great prince, we may arrange our disordered vesture and make ourselves quite fit to appear before our Master and our King. This antechamber to heaven is the place or state of cleansing that we meaningly call "purgatory."

THE CHEERING THOUGHT OF HEAVEN

WE CHEAT ourselves of a consolation that could lighten up the whole path of our lives, when we neglect to think of and contemplate the everlasting joys of heaven. Once deeply grasped, the reality of that place of everlasting peace and glory and delight can cast a holy light upon all the dark places of our life. Not only is the attainment of heaven the consummation of our existence, the fulfilling of all our aspirations, the curing of all our woes and the realization of all our ideals and desires, but even the thought of heaven is a medicine for our wearinesses and sorrows, a balm for our wounds, a solace for our griefs and woes. To think rightly of heaven is to understand the world, to judge correctly of life, to estimate all things at their true worth, and to see our own course, its sorrows and its joys, in right perspective.

Yet we are much more inclined to seek temporal and slight consolations from this

world and the things around us, than to look for solace from the thought of heaven. One reason for this is that our nature is prone to present and visible things and finds it difficult to aspire to what is spiritual and unseen. While we believe firmly in the existence of heaven, yet this truth has not its due effect in consoling and strengthening our souls, because we make so little effort to realize the meaning of heaven. Immersed in the world of the senses, distracted by material things, we do not grasp the significance of what we firmly believe.

In the Apostles' Creed we say: "I believe . . . in life everlasting." What an astounding profession of faith! We believe in a future life which is to be everlasting, that is, to have no end. Pause for a moment on the meaning of those words. We believe in a life which will begin when we enter heaven, but which will literally and in sober truth have no end. Forever and forever, through uncounted ages, past all imaginable years, we shall continue to live and to live, not this wretched and painful life of earth, with its thousand cares and sorrows, but a life wherein God Himself will exert, so to say, the powers of His Omnipotence to make us

perfectly and supremely happy, where we shall at every instant be filled with bliss to the very measure of our capacity, where we shall share in the imperishable and glorious life of the City of the Heavenly Jerusalem, the abode of unending happiness and peace.

Our faith is most firm in the existence of this life without end. We believe that death is not the end-all of our conscious existence, but only the term of our suffering and trial in this world. Our present life is but a prelude and a preparation. Here, we can scarcely be said to live, so miserable and restricted is our existence. Our lordly faculties are constrained by the conditions of matter; our days are few and full of trouble like the days of a hired soldier; we have not here a lasting city, but we look for the things that are to come.

But in that everlasting life, how glorious shall be the expansion of our being! The intelligence, which now is darkened by sin, and limited by the narrow confines of human knowledge, will be so illumined by the Light of Glory, so strengthened and transformed by the power of God, that we shall be wiser than all the sages of earth, shall possess the most thrilling power of thought and be the

fit associates of the celestial host in heavenly intelligence. Those who are sad at their own limited knowledge and vision, who regret their missed opportunities of education, may console themselves with the thought that if they love and serve God faithfully in this short life on earth, the power of the Most High will give to them, for all of their life everlasting, a depth and vigor of intelligence that will be the wonder of the Blessed. For our intelligence in the life to come will not be measured by our wisdom and education in this world, but by the fidelity with which we have loved God, kept His commandments and merited eternal glory.

So, too, our will, perfected and confirmed in holiness forever by the beatific vision of God, will be incapable of the slightest sin. Strong in all manner of goodness, noble and holy to a degree of which we cannot now conceive ourselves capable, we shall be united to the adorable will of God by so sure and unbreakable a tie, that through all eternity we shall be unable to will the slightest thing apart from His infinite good pleasure. Here our will is free, and this freedom, the source of our merit, is also, alas! the reason of our

sins, because our wretched will so often freely departs from the all-holy Will of God. But in the life everlasting, it will no longer be possible for us to sin. We shall see God as He is, and the ravishing goodness of that adorable God will so transport and engross our will as to make us incapable of doing anything, willing anything save as God wills. We shall, so, be utterly safe from any sin or imperfection through all eternity, as sinless as the Virgin Mother of God herself, as sinless as the Son of God! What a consolation to those who groan beneath the weight of their own imperfections, who long to be delivered from their sins!

In a similar way, all the faculties of our being shall be exalted and glorified beyond conception. Our imagination, that excellent faculty which yet plagues and misleads so many of mankind, shall be purified and strengthened to be a docile and perfect servant of the intelligence. Now, the great reaches of poetry may be obscure to us, our imagination cannot rise, perhaps, on a lofty wing and range from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. But in heaven all men shall be poets, in the exalted sense that all shall have the keenest appreciation of true

beauty. The Infinite Beauty who is God, will indeed fill all minds and hearts, but the lesser beauties of creation will be open to our appreciation as to no poet or sage who ever walked this world.

What an existence is this, which waits beyond the door of death, much more near to us than we imagine, much more accessible to us than a dream. All the rosy fancies of poets, all their worlds of vision bright in the light that never was on land or sea, pale into darkness beside the thought of that heavenly country where God Himself is ever busy ensuring with sedulous care the perfect happiness of the guests and favored children of His eternity. When we were little we loved the tales of the kingdom of the fairies, where the light and beauty of fancy were lavished in impossible profusion. But heaven is much more than the fairy land of our childhood—it is a place where the almighty Creator of the universe has exerted the powers of His omnipotence to make glad the hearts of His children, and where the inexhaustible resources of His love shall forever be preparing new surprises of joy and glory throughout the endless days of a perfectly happy eternity.

Consider, again, the company that will be ours for all ages. Excellent above all the other joys of heaven is the delight of the beatific vision, whereby in a wonderful way we shall see God face to face and know Him as He is. Now we see Him, as it were, in a glass, darkly, arriving at the knowledge of His infinite beauty and perfections from the teachings of faith and from the loveliness and the wonder of His creation. But then we shall behold His very Self, and in a manner that we cannot even conceive, shall be made inexpressibly happy, seeing Him as He is, the Uncreated Beauty, the boundless Glory, the Love and Tenderness most infinite, the Absolute Goodness for whom our whole being craves, the Center of all our great desires, the Goal of all our hopes, to possess whom is heaven, to lack whom is most bitter hell. Our entire life long we are hungering after happiness, and all our efforts, consciously or not, are bent on securing felicity. In God our only lasting happiness is to be found. That most glorious Lord can perfectly satisfy even the endless cravings of our nature. We shall rest in the fullness of peace and joy if only we possess God. In heaven we shall possess Him

utterly and in the most perfect manner possible to us, for we shall be His chosen friends for all eternity and we shall see Him as He is.

Think again of the angels and the saints who are to be our companions throughout an eternity of happiness. In the nine choirs of the celestial spirits, how many excellent and perfect friends wait to welcome us to their company. The angels and the archangels, the thrones, the dominations, the principalities and powers, the virtues, cherubim, seraphim—we know but the names of these glorious hierarchies and can conjecture only in part the majestic offices which they fulfil in the Court of God. But in each of these exalted choirs of angels are innumerable bright spirits, beautiful beyond our farthest conceiving, various in gifts, lovely in nature, reflecting each one the perfections of the Divine Essence, so that the company of each will be to us a special and particular joy for all eternity. How happy will be our converse with the blessed angels!

All these angelic natures wait to receive us into their companionship with a friendly joy that we cannot dream of. We are created to supply those gaps in their ranks that

were made by the fall of so many spirits from the gates of heaven into the depths of hell, when God tried His angels to see whether they would obey Him. The angels in heaven must therefore regard us with a special and brotherly love, seeing in us the future companions of their endless life, the sharers in that eternal pæan of love and joy wherewith they praise forever the God who made them. What a welcome we shall receive then from those lovable and glorious spirits when we come to join the choirs of their celestial bliss!

Next turn your eyes on the ranks of the saints, and see with how noble and goodly a human company, by the mercy and kindness of God, you are to spend your joyous eternity. See the Sacred Humanity of our Divine Saviour, the Eldest Brother of the elect, the Lamb of God, who has taken away the sins of the world. He is the Light of the New Jerusalem, the Joy of all His people, whom He has gathered together at last from the darkness of the world into the security and light and peace of the home He has prepared for them from all eternity. How can we imagine the glory of that risen Humanity, bright with the jewels of His

sacred Blood, splendid with the light of His rosy wounds, which He keeps throughout all the ages in memory of His saving passion, beautiful beyond even the beauty of the Blessed, whom to see and to adore will be one of the crowning blisses of paradise!

Try to conceive what it will mean to those who have loved Him so long unseen, who have served Him faithfully, according to their lights, in the obscure and difficult paths of this world, who have tried to follow Him from afar through the mists of life, to see Him face to face and exult in the sweetness of His welcoming smile in the safe home of eternity! Think of the converse we shall hold with that gentle Lord, in whose Hands and Feet and Side are written indelibly the proofs of His boundless love for each one of us, who has been waiting, during all the years of our life, with holy impatience for the moment when He could welcome us to heaven. How much He has to say to us, which will have to wait for that glorious hour because now He has imposed on Himself the silence of the tabernacle, the reserve that befits Him during our time of probation. But there will come a time when He will give full way to the torrents of holy tenderness

which His Sacred Heart has for each one of us. That time will be the day of our endless converse with Him in heaven.

Turn in pious contemplation and look upon our Blessed Mother, who likewise waits with holy longing to see us, her own children, safe in the shelter of her mantle in heaven. What manner of pure joy will be ours, when with exulting eyes we look for the first time on the true lineaments of that Most Beloved of women whom we have so loved during all our time on earth! We have seen innumerable pictures of the Blessed Mother, and some of them were the glorious imaginings of great geniuses of art, but none of them has quite satisfied our filial devotion because none of them was beautiful enough fitly to represent the most lovely and most holy of all the daughters of Eve. But in heaven we shall look for all eternity upon the very countenance of our Mother, and shall know that her smile holds for us in particular all the fondness of a mother's love.

It has been the delight of some of the most favored of the saints to have the privilege of a vision of the Mother of God, and one moment of that blissful contemplation would have been enough to lighten the

whole pathway of their after lives. We shall all have in heaven, not merely the privilege of a single vision, but the constant companionship of her whom, after our Blessed Lord, we love the best of all creation. It is impossible for us to realize the felicity which this one joy of heaven will bring us. One look, one word from Blessed Mary would fill us with delight. How often, how long she will speak to us throughout the bright day of eternity!

When we think of the company of the saints in heaven, words fail to describe their number or the variety of their happy companies. There await us, in countless throngs, the ranks of the patriarchs and prophets, all the souls who were saved within and without the law before the coming of Our Lord upon earth. His apostles and disciples and all the faithful and chosen souls of that day who saw and heard the Word Made Flesh during the time of His ministry upon earth, await us in heaven. The glorious throng of martyrs await us, too, their robes all shining, washed in the blood of the Lamb; the throngs of confessors, the choir of virgins, the saints of all ages, from the first soul which entered heaven after Our Lord's ascension, to the

latest come forth from purgatory, all this shining company will welcome us to converse everlasting. Many of our own friends and relations are there, expecting us with a joyful eagerness of desire, and it will be part of our everlasting joy to see reflected in their eyes the splendors of our own beatitude.

All this, and much more that we can faintly discern concerning that place of our eternal glory, is not a happy dream; it is a fact as literal and real as this present life, indeed more real and more enduring, for the City of God, the New Jerusalem is to last, unchanged, forever. At this very instant the angels and the blessed inhabit those gracious mansions which are ours for the desiring, and our own place is ready the moment after our death when we shall be freed from the stains of sin, either by our own prayer and penance or by virtue of the purifying flames of purgatory. "In My Father's house," said Our Lord, "there are many mansions." One of those eternal and blessed abodes is already waiting to be ours for all eternity.

As we realize more the ecstatic happiness of heaven, we shall take more consolation from that thought for all the sorrows and trials of the world. The more we grow to

esteem and to love the joys hereafter, the less we shall crave for and regret the pleasures of this life. The thought of heaven is thus at the same time a remedy and a consolation for our griefs and afflictions, and an antidote against that worldliness, that too-great love of this life and its perishable goods, which is a danger of these comfortable and pleasure-seeking times.

As our Christian faith assures us of the existence of heaven, so also does Christian hope encourage us to look forward with a firm expectation to enjoy one day all its ineffable delights. True, if we considered only our own weakness and wickedness, we might grow discouraged at the thought of the straight and narrow way in which we must walk toward heaven. But we must not rely on our own resources. There is One who strengthens us and by the assistance of His grace, given to us in abundance in His good time, we firmly hope to win some day the joys of heaven. This firm hope grounded in Christ and relying on His holy promises, will not be disappointed.

As men who are on hard service in foreign lands keep with them the picture of their home, and console themselves during weary

and dangerous hours by thinking of the joyful return that will be theirs after so much loneliness and toil, so may we, exiles from our true country of heaven, lighten the miseries of our lot by thinking of the bright home-coming and eternal joy that will be ours at last. The reality, when by God's grace we attain to it, will surpass all our most golden dreams, for we are incapable even of imagining the joys of heaven. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive the joy that God has prepared for those who love Him.

What matter, then, if the way be dark or the paths rude that lead to such a country of peace and of delight? What matter that our brief days on earth are full of toil and trouble, if so calm and happy an existence awaits us beyond the tomb? We can bear our trials lightly and offer up willingly our sorrows and labors to the Lord, if we remember always with St. Paul that we have not here a lasting city, but we look for that which is to come.

CONFORMITY

THE virtue of conformity to God's will, by which we are inclined always to wish what God wishes, to be satisfied with what He decrees, to regulate our wills by the infinitely holy and wise desires of our Father in heaven, is a sublime means of growing in merit and holiness. It is likewise a singular aid to contentment and happiness, and a source of constant consolation. If we will whatever God wills, we are sure always to have all we wish, to suffer nothing that we do not wish to suffer, to enjoy whatever we desire, to be filled with all the good things we long for, because we shall wish, desire, long for nothing but the accomplishment of God's will in us and in all other men; and this most holy and mighty will of God is sure to be accomplished, most perfectly and completely, in ourselves and in every mortal, now and to the end of time. By conforming our wills to the will of God, we, therefore, partake in some sense in His assured peace and

infinite power. We anchor our shifting and changeable will, so prone to drift astray, to the changeless, mighty, unerring will of the Infinite.

All our uneasiness and disquiet come from a want of conformity of our will with the will of God. Our anxieties and questionings, our regrets and anticipations, would be dispelled did we but rest tranquilly in the will of God. Our own will is like a tiny skiff on a rough ocean, perilously tossed from crest to crest of angry waves, but when we mount upon the will of God, we are borne onward with even and resistless motion, for the puny tempests of human circumstance have no power to shake the infinite might of the Master of the Universe.

We shall be wise to strive and to pray for this extraordinary virtue of conformity, which makes us, in a sense, sharers no less in the peace than in the power of the Most High. Serious thought about the reasonableness and blessedness of conformity to the will of God, will likewise aid us in acquiring it. There is an indulgenced prayer of the Church, which suggests in short compass some moving thoughts concerning the most holy will of God.

"May the most high, most just, and most amiable will of God," it says, "be done, praised and exalted above all things forever!" Repeating these significant words, reflecting about their meaning, will carry us far along the way of conformity to the will of God.

The most high will of God! The more we meditate on the heights and depths of God's will, the more we shall be overwhelmed with the sense of God's greatness and our own littleness. There is no proportion between God and ourselves. He is infinite greatness, we endlessly little; He is all-wisdom, we are foolish and short of vision. It is of the nature of God to be all-perfect and all-holy; we, in our finite natures, are most imperfect, limited and wretched. What we know of God is indeed true, so far as it goes, but our knowledge is, like ourselves, very limited and imperfect. There are in God endless heights beyond the heights that we know, and depths beyond the depths we can comprehend.

The will of God, therefore, is lofty beyond our comprehending. It is above all His works and reaches even from end to end of the universe. There is no detail of all His

myriad creation, no atom of the earth, no dust of the stars, but the most high will of God directs, overrules, and guides it to His own purpose, to the accomplishment of His designs, to the working out of His eternal glory. Could we comprehend the meaning of the will of God, its holiness, its beauty and power, the sureness of its accomplishment, the great ends to which it moves with unerring precision and irresistible might, how fervently we should pronounce these words of the indulgenced prayer: "May the most high . . . will of God be done, praised and glorified forever!"

"The most just will of God." Again, could we but realize the justice of God's will, we should be filled with an insatiable thirst and hunger for its accomplishment. God is essential justice. With us poor mortals, justice is a quality which we may either possess or lack, without ceasing to be human. But in what concerns the attributes of God, all is infinite, necessary, eternal. Hence, in God is essential justice, which cannot fail. If, by an absurd supposition, God were not infinite justice, He would not be God. From this truth, which we learned when we studied the catechism, it follows necessarily that

each provision of God's will must be infinitely just and holy. "Thou art just, O Lord," exclaims the Holy Scripture, "and Thy judgments are right." Whether or no we can discern the justice of God's will, we are certain, both by reason and by faith, that an infinite equity governs all His decrees. The fault is not with the all-holy will of God, if some of His judgments seem to us difficult to understand, but with our own limited and imperfect apprehension. Whether we see it or not, the justice of God's will is without measure and without bounds. Knowing that God is all goodness, all wisdom and all justice, we are sure that His holy will is in all things infinitely good and just.

We sometimes come to have for a man so perfect a confidence in his equity and honor, that no matter what he does, we are persuaded beforehand that it must be honorable and right. Our faith in his integrity is so great, that it outweighs all suspicions, ill-appearances, semblances of wrong that may rise up against him. In proportion as our trust is absolute, our conviction is strong that he will do no injustice, and when suspicions arise in us or accusations are brought by others, we wave them aside with the

thought: "He is too honorable and good to do anything that is not just."

If this confidence of ours were multiplied a million times, it would not approach the confidence which we ought to have in the justice of God. Even with the most upright of men, honor and justice are no part of his nature. It is still possible for him to err from justice; there is no essential contradiction in thinking of him as otherwise than just. But with God, to be infinite justice is a part of His being. It is as impossible for Him to be other than just, as it is for light to be darkness, for heat to be cold, for gold to be clay. Hence, no matter how appearances may puzzle us, no matter how the shortness of our own apprehension may confuse us in estimating the significance of human events, we must always be entirely sure that God's will is justice itself. It would be easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for God's will to fall short of infinite justice by so much as the measure of a hair.

Whatever, therefore, God wills to allow in our lives, it is infinitely just for Him to allow it. Whatever He sends, it is most just for Him to send it; whatever He decrees

it is infinitely just for Him to decree it. We conclude the justice of men from their actions. If a man is just in his acts, we say he is a just man. With God we must act otherwise. Since He is essential and infinite justice, and we know this beforehand by reason and by Faith, we must reverse the manner of our judgments and say, "God wills this, therefore it is just."

If we are ever tempted to question any one of God's decrees, there is no need for us to reason concerning the fact itself which has stirred up our questionings. We need only look up into the heavens and remember that it is of the very essence of God to be infinite justice. "Doubt thou the stars are fire; doubt that the sun doth move; doubt truth to be a liar; but never doubt I love," says Hamlet in the play, protesting his fidelity. But to assure ourselves of the eternal and infinite justice of even the least of God's decrees, we might heap together all the antitheses of the universe. It is impossible that God should be, in anything whatsoever, any less than infinitely just. "May the most just will of God be done, praised, and glorified forever!"

God's will, the prayer likewise reminds us,

is not only most high and most just; it is also infinitely lovable. "The most amiable will of God!" This, too, is a thought we much need to dwell on. It is sometimes easier for us to realize that God's will is infinitely high and just than to bring home to ourselves that it is also infinitely lovable, endlessly deserving to be loved. It is not enough for us to be resigned to the will of God because it is right and good. We should also arouse in our hearts a burning *love* for that most amiable will."

We can persuade ourselves, both by reason and by faith, of the amiableness of the will of God, yet it is perhaps by making acts of love of the will of God that we shall more surely come to the realization of its infinite lovableness. There is, alas! a great gulf between knowing and believing that God's will is endlessly to be loved, and actually loving that holy will as it deserves. "The heart has its reasons which the reason can scarcely understand." By setting our heart aflame with love for God's holy will, we more speedily arrive at the practical conviction of its infinite lovableness.

Here again we must steer our course by reason and faith, and not suffer the little per-

plexities and troubles of the moment to obscure our mind's and our heart's vision. God's thoughts are not our thoughts nor are His ways our ways. We see but a small fragment of life, and see it very imperfectly. God sees the whole great round and discerns and comprehends it most completely. No wonder, then, that we cannot always perceive the lovableness of God's will in its particular dispensations, because we are too ignorant and too poorly equipped with judgment, to appreciate the vast and lovable ends which God has in all His works.

In proportion as our love for God is great and strong, we shall find it more and more easy to love whatever His holy will ordains. "I know," said St. Francis de Sales, "that whatever is, is the work of God, and I love whatever God does." With the conviction that all things are the expression of the will of God, and that His will is infinitely to be loved, should come likewise a great love of all things for the sake of God. One only thing must we detest and abhor, as God does, and this thing is sin. Sin alone, of all things in the universe, is not the work of God, but even out of sin God's will draws His own greater glory and the good of those who love

Him. It will be one of the ecstatic surprises of our eternity, to see how God has made even the sins of men work for His glory and for the accomplishment of His plans for those who love and serve Him. Even in this world we sometimes obtain amazing glimpses of the manner in which God's will makes use of all things to bring about His great designs. Yet here we can see but a tiny part of His holy purposes. Now, we must believe and trust and love; hereafter, we shall behold and rejoice and praise.

This interesting prayer concludes with the petition that God's will may not only be done, but also praised and exalted above all things, forever. It is a most reasonable petition, and one which is sure in one way or another to gain accomplishment. Willingly or unwillingly, to their eternal honor or their eternal shame, here or hereafter, all God's reasonable creatures must praise and exalt above all things His most just, most high and most amiable will. Those who, in this time of probation which we call life, are sincerely desirous to do, praise and exalt the will of God, become His friends and familiars and merit hereafter eternal glory. Those who refuse to conform their free wills

to the will of God in this life, shall acknowledge and glorify His will at the judgment day and fulfil that holy will in their own punishment. But, willingly or unwillingly, here or hereafter all reasonable beings shall own and accomplish God's most holy will.

By making acts of the love of God's will, and taking care betimes to join our will to His, we may assure for ourselves a glorious conformity to His designs in this life and in the next. Our great nobleness and the dignity of our nature consist, indeed, in this, that we can freely love, fulfil and exalt the most high and just and amiable will of God.

The will of God manifests itself to us in many ways. The voice of our conscience declares to us that holy will and bids us order our daily lives according to the dictates of right reason and of faith. The events of our days disclose to us what God has ordained or permitted, to give us opportunities of merit. The directions of those who have authority from God to counsel or command us, are very clear showings forth of His will in regard to our activities and occupations. Even public events and the great course of history indicate to us in what manner God wills to exercise His elect and through what

trials and successes He means to work out the salvation of mankind.

If we regard the world and our own life with the eyes of faith, our days become a procession of messengers from God, declaring, each one in its turn, the biddings of His holy will. Joys and sorrows, successes and failures, good days and evil, the countenance of friends and the resistance of enemies, what are they all but messengers of the will of God? If we lose sight of their meaning and their message, if we grow blind to the light of faith and attend only to the plausible but false wisdom of this world, we shall miss many an opportunity of merit here and glory afterwards, many a precious chance to love and serve God and to give Him some small return for the inestimable riches of His providence.

If we clear our inward vision by thought and prayer, conform our wills to the most excellent will of God, direct our intention by what we know of His, then we shall profit alike by the sun and the shadows of life, by its rude places and its smoother ways, for all things will serve to bring us forever nearer to the most blessed God. It will become our delight to accomplish, exalt and praise the

will of God, most excellent, most wise, most lovable, most sure to be accomplished, most beneficent and holy. The prayer of our life on earth will be this, which also will be the pæan of our rejoicing in eternity: "May the most high, most just, and most amiable will of God be done, praised and exalted above all things forever!"

GOD'S CONDESCENSION

It is Pentecost Sunday. I have said, this morning, the Mass of the Holy Ghost and the first part of His Office. "Come, Holy Spirit," sighs the Church during these divine mysteries, "fill the hearts of Thy faithful and kindle in them the fire of Thy divine love. Send forth Thy spirit and they shall be created and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." Each feast of the Church has, so to speak, its own soul, its central truth and leading inspiration. Every feast as it comes, brings also some message to our individual self, some bit of sweetness, some striking thought which is the light of the mystery reflected upon the waters of our heart. Upon this Pentecost morning there comes to one some realization of the small tendernesses, the little condescensions of Almighty God.

The Holy Spirit is called by the Scriptures and by the Fathers of the Church the Finger of God. It is He, according to our manner

of speaking, who works the wonders of grace and brings about the sanctification of souls. Of course, the actions of God are all common to all of the Divine Persons, but we attribute this or that work of the Divinity to one or the other, to the Father, the Son or the Holy Spirit, according as the action itself seems to us to be more closely connected with His personal characteristics. Since the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son, is their mutual love, and is called in Holy Scripture the Goodness of God, the Charity of God, we attribute to Him the workings of divine grace in the souls of men.

To those who have meditated on the nature of God, and have been able to conceive, in some dim way at least, of His boundless dignity, unspeakable holiness and limitless perfection, there is a breathless wonder in the thought of God's amazing condescension in dealing with His world. Indeed, so astonishing and beyond our unaided reason to conjecture, is the graciousness of the Most High toward His creatures, that it altogether escaped even the keenest intellects of old. While paganism thralled the ancient world, some keen intellects did discern that God is one, that there is one

great Creator of the Universe who has laid down the laws that govern His Creation. But they could not achieve the truth, even in their most subtle musings, that the Almighty is all-merciful too, and loves with an infinite and condescending love each one of His human creatures. It needed the revelation of God Himself to convince us how intimate are His dealings with our souls.

We are, though we may seem important to ourselves, in reality most insignificant compared to the vast scheme of God's universe. Match yourself, as the meditation of the Spiritual Exercises suggests, with the great crowd of people who live in your own state, or even city. What are you among so many? Imagine, if you can, the multitudes who live in this whole nation, in other countries, in the entire world. Fourteen hundred millions of human souls inhabit the earth at this instant, yet what is that boundless crowd, compared to the generations that have gone. What are they all, compared to the angels of heaven? And what are all these to God? Now return upon yourself, tiny detail that you are in this huge panorama of creation, and think what part of

God's care and thought you can demand as of your own good right!

Yet the Holy Spirit deals with your soul as though there were no other in the world. He speaks to you, assists you in your efforts in His service, nourishes your supernatural life, is busy with you, during all your conscious hours, enlightening, strengthening, consoling. The name by which we call His condescending and merciful aid for the performance of good and the avoidance of evil, is actual grace, the supernatural help of the Holy Ghost which aids us to perform good actions. The Holy Scriptures, which are God's authentic message to mankind, and which are supplemented and explained by the authentic teachings of His Church, speak much of the workings of the Holy Spirit in the souls of men. They reveal what we should otherwise never have known without God's teaching, the constant care with which the Most High cherishes, nourishes and supports our supernatural life. They show us the Holy Spirit, whose nature is so infinitely above our own, who is the very God of heaven and earth, the all-blessed, the all-sufficient, dwelling in the holy company of the Father and the Son, Himself His own

heaven and the delight of all the just, yet intimately and continually concerned with the slightest motions of our poor hearts. They reveal to us with what condescension beyond all comprehending this merciful Lord deals with us, enlightens our mind, moves our will, is ever ready with the strong aid without which we can do nothing meritorious of heaven, nothing worthy of our eternal destiny.

Holy Scripture speaks in particular of the Holy Spirit as giving light to our minds and strength and fire to our hearts. His divine aid is brought to us through those two lordly faculties which are the highest in our nature, our intelligence, with which we conceive the truth, and our will, whereby we choose and resolve and thus shape our destiny here and hereafter. It is the effect of the grace of the Holy Spirit to enlighten our minds to see the way of justice, so that we may discern our duty and know the will of God, and to warm and fire our wills so that they may be energetic, courageous and firm in doing God's will and in serving and loving Him.

Who has not experienced, who does not constantly experience, these illuminations of the mind and flamings of the will which are

the work of the Holy Spirit in the soul? You are reading some good book, it may be that you have read it several times, but the message conveyed by a certain paragraph never impressed you very forcibly. Then, on a sudden, the passage glows and burns with a new meaning. The truth, which had so often passed, half understood, through your mind, now blazes out and brands itself on your consciousness with an intense realization. At the same time your heart, which had before been cold and unresponsive to the message of this truth, leaps and pulses with new fervor and resolution. Aided by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit (for it is His touch on the mind and the soul that works these wonders), you make sacrifices, achieve heights of prayer, love of God and self-denial, that would have been entirely beyond your reach but for the help of the grace of the Holy Ghost.

Even when we do not advert to the effects of His blessed influence, the Holy Spirit is still busy with us, whispering to our heart, illuminating our dull mind with heavenly realizations, teaching us new ways of serving God, reminding us of the faults that we should amend, planting in us the seeds of

needed virtues. As though there were in His entire creation no other object of His solicitude and love, this Infinite Being, this personal Love, this unwearying Comforter, deals with our dull mind and perverse heart with utter affection, patience undismayed, untiring care.

The thought of God's immense and constant condescension in giving us the inspirations of His grace, should stir our souls to an answering loyalty, a zeal for His love and service that will carry us out of ourselves. How unresponsive we have been to His inspirations, and yet the quiet voices of the pleading of His grace have never ceased. How undutiful we have been to the suggestions of His guidance, still, hour by hour He points out to us new opportunities of holiness. The patience of the Holy Spirit in renewing the offer of His help after we have rejected His grace for the thousandth time, is one of the wonders of the benignity of God. If anyone had treated our suggestions and offers of assistance as we have treated those of the Most High, we should long ago have ceased utterly to try to help him. Yet the Holy Spirit never grows weary. He

pursues us with the gentle pleadings of His grace until we die.

Ah, the immense mystery of God's condescension toward men, and of man's incomprehensible ingratitude! Consider the state of the whole world to-day. Let your fancy roam again over the earth, seeing the countless multitudes of men and women, in cities and country places, in this land and in countries far away. In the heart and soul of every one of that inconceivably great swarm of human creatures, the Holy Spirit is intimately busy, moving the dull hearts to the love of God, inclining the darkened intelligences to comprehend His commandments and to see the duty that lies before them. There is no one of all the reasonable beings in the world, to whom this Infinite Love and Wisdom does not offer the guidance of His grace, the help of His power. Yet, think how His advances are scorned, His grace wasted and refused, the eternal allurements of His heavenly kingdom rejected and repelled for mean and fickle pleasures and for the good things of this perishable world.

But many of the swarming millions to whom God's condescension is shown in vain,

think nothing of the Holy Ghost and in no way realize what heavenly kindness is at work in their hearts and minds. Like the Jews of old they know not what they do when they are deaf to grace, refuse to be guided by the Holy Spirit, and neglect the whispers of God in their hearts for the loud, strident call of the flesh and the world. We ourselves who are instructed in the ways of God, it is we who are most inexcusable for neglecting His holy inspirations. We should treasure the good thoughts that come to us, the motions of love of God, of charity to our neighbor, of zeal for the welfare of the Church, that flame up in our will. For it is thus that the Spirit of God, the Comforter, condescends to address us, to help us, to urge us on toward heaven. If the smile of a great man, his encouraging word, the suggestions he makes for our welfare, move us in response, to energy and gratefulness, how we should start up and labor to correspond with the motions of God in our hearts. For a greater than man is here, encouraging us, admonishing, consoling.

We should be filled also with a vast desire to make amends to the Holy Spirit by our own swift and generous answer to His

promptings, for the many who refuse His grace and ignore the suggestions of His voice in their hearts. Loving the Infinite Love we should be eager to show our appreciation for His amazing condescension by the readiness of our obedience to the motions of His grace within us. If we prize as we should the awful privilege of having the Spirit of God in us, a privilege given to those who are children of God and heirs of heaven, we will listen for the first whispers of divine grace, now prompting us to love God more, now warning us against the growth of an evil habit, now suggesting some present good deed. By listening and obeying promptly our spiritual hearing becomes keener. We grow thus more docile and pliable to the leading of the Holy Ghost.

If God could be sad, surely His divine goodness would be afflicted by the hardness of the hearts of men to His grace. The world, which would become an earthly paradise if it were obedient to Him, is made a valley of tears by the disregard of men for the voice of God in their hearts. Let us very pointedly determine that at any cost we at least will revere and follow the breath-

ings of the Holy Spirit. Let it not be in vain that the Most High so often leans down to us from the height of His glory and condescends so constantly to whisper to our minds and fire our hearts.

THE RICHNESS OF OUR HERITAGE

PERHAPS we have sometimes been prone to envy, because of the greatness of their graces and the fervor of their early faith, those primitive Christians who received the teaching of the apostles themselves and lived in the warmth and splendor of the rising of the Son of Justice, before the charity of men had grown cold. They are indeed to be envied, those first-fruits of Christ's Church. With them the crown of martyrdom was so ordinary a blessing, that they did not mark the tombs of the martyrs in the catacombs with any special sign during those first years of persecution—it was too common and usual a lot to call for special distinction! Great graces flowed freely in the infant Church, and our Blessed Lord, newly come into His kingdom, showered down favors with a royal hand.

But we of these latter ages of the Church have consolations and riches of our own, which even the early Christians did not possess in such abundance. We are heirs to the

accumulated thought, fervor and devotion of all the Christian centuries. Every epoch of history has added to the richness of our heritage. If we would but count over the treasures of devotion, example, teaching, which the years have hoarded up for the Church of this day, we should be carried away with gratitude. During nineteen centuries the Holy Ghost has labored in the midst of His people, to raise up saints, whose teaching still remains to us, to inspire great devotions whose fire still enkindles us, to prepare glorious episodes in the history of the Church, of which the memory still inspires us, to give to the faithful those sacramentals and means of grace which are now and ever ready at our hand.

All these things, priceless and various, belong to us because we are of the body of the living Church whose Head is Christ. This living Church, unchanging through the ages, carries down through the years the unbroken tradition, entire and unalloyed, of the teaching of the Saviour of the World, and this teaching is itself the core and center of our heritage. His Faith and His sacraments we inherit as of right, when we become members of His Church through Baptism.

But around the teachings of the Faith, and beside the sacraments, like the tracery that clings to the mighty capitals and soaring arches of a Gothic cathedral, have accumulated rich deposits of thought, devotion, history, which are likewise our own, our heritage, because we are of the living Church of God. That self-same Church, identical and individual, has been present at and presided over every phase of the world's history since the Christian era began. She is herself, indeed, the prime actor and central figure of all Christian history. She possesses, therefore, and gathers to herself all the Christian tradition, and gives it to her children.

While other societies are born of the world and doomed to a precarious existence at the will of men, the Church is assured of a life breathed from the lips of Christ and promised by Him to endure forever. Like a careful mother, therefore, she gives to each generation of Catholics the fruits of devotion, thought, grace, prayer, experience, example, inspiration, which she has gleaned from the years gone by. "I was there," she can say, pointing to the vanished centuries, "and gathered these things for you; I am here, and bring them to you. The heritage

which you likewise leave for your brethren still to come, I shall also keep in my bosom and shall give to the generations yet unborn."

Count over, if you can, the rich items of that inheritance. Look first of all at Catholic history, with its examples of heroism, wisdom, sanctity, and all Christian virtues. Speaking of the education of clerics in the sixth century, a learned writer remarks that they were not obliged, like those of the present day, to study the history of the Church for nineteen centuries, for the very simple reason that the history of the Church in those days ended with the sixth century! The remark brings home to us how much we possess of inspiring example and heroic story which the Catholics of that day did not have because the events had not yet come to pass. The lives of the saints beyond that day were not yet acted, much less written. The great course of God's providence in the life of the Church after them could not be traced and glorified, because it had not yet been shown forth in events. Holy names, great events and sainted memories which are dear and familiar and inspiring to ourselves, were quite unknown to that time. Catholics had then, of course, their own heritage of

history, but it was much less varied and ample than our own.

The Litany of the saints had then only been written in part, so to say, on the heart of the Church. The richness of the Franciscan story, the conquests of Dominic and Ignatius, the exploits of their sons, were still in the dim future. The stories of Teresa, of Catherine of Siena, of Francis Xavier, of Louis of France, of Bernard of Clairvaux —to name only a few among the thousands of great examples—had not been told. Every nation has poured a flood of bright tradition and shining memories into the brimming fountains of the Christian story, and we are the possessors of those replenished fountains.

Consider, again, our inheritance of Catholic devotion. Comprehending utterly the hearts which He has made, the Holy Spirit, while ever maintaining the unchanged teaching of Christ in His Church, gives to every time an element of variety and interest in the spiritual life by inspiring new devotions, based on Catholic dogma and supported by it, but developing into new forms of piety and fervor which stir our hearts. Of these special devotions some have their day and

then cease to be, like the great devotion to St. Menas the Martyr, which was so popular in an early century. Others, appealing to the hearts of generation after generation, become a part of the permanent inheritance of the Church, and enrich its spiritual life.

In this regard, we are especially blessed, for the latter ages of the Church have been particularly rich in new and appealing devotions, while many of the devotions of the early Church have been wonderfully developed and made easy. Thus, from the day of Pentecost itself, devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was part of Catholic practice, and this is witnessed by the paintings on the walls of the Catacombs, those graphic and ingenuous records of the primitive Church. But the Blessed Sacrament was not then preserved on a hundred thousand altars as it is to-day, nor exposed for the constant veneration of the faithful. It was generally only during the Holy Mass that the Blessed Sacrament was present before the adoring flock of Christ. It was then distributed in holy communion, and the remainder was consumed by the priest. Thus the presence of Our Lord in the Sacrament of His love was only for short intervals. He came and went

like the glimpses of sunshine in a cloudy sky. Now, on the contrary, the Sacrament of Love is kept by day and by night on many altars, so that any one of the faithful can come and pray and adore, or at least can make spiritual visits and communions at some near-by church or chapel where Jesus always dwells. How much this means for us we can perhaps comprehend by imagining how we should feel, if to-morrow the Blessed Sacrament were removed from all our altars and it were decreed that hereafter It should only be present before us during the Holy Sacrifice. Yet, by so much we have the advantage of our remote forefathers in the Faith.

So, too, devotion to the Blessed Virgin was one of the favorite devotions of the early Christians, as one sees again when he goes through the Catacombs and looks at the ancient paintings on their walls of the Mother and the Child. But we have fallen heirs not only to that primitive and most tender devotion, but to all the subsequent development of meditation and praise, concerning the Mother of God. Ours is all the wealth of art, literature, prayer, service, which the years have brought to the shrine

of that Most Beloved Woman whom every generation delights anew to honor and call blessed, with its own accents echoing the praise of all past ages and prophesying the praises of all generations yet to be. The rosary, the prayers and hymns of the Church to Mary, the numberless particular devotions that have grown up about her name, the countless shrines in her honor, the memory of her many favors, and apparitions, the miracles granted through her intercession—all these things are our inheritance, and they have wonderfully enriched us with a thousand means of honoring the Mother of God.

What shall we say, then, of the new devotions, unknown in their present forms to early ages, with which Our Lord in His goodness has kindled the failing charity of the earth? Devotion to the Sacred Heart comes naturally to one's mind, that consuming flame of fervor, kept and known from early days in the hearts of some great saints, but now uncovered and spread abroad that it might enkindle the entire earth. Recall the tender and burning words which Our Lord addressed to St. Margaret Mary, and through her to all coming generations of His

people, pleading for our love, disclosing the tenderness and the desires of His most Sacred and wounded Heart. To have heard of such accents from the lips of Our Lord, would have filled with ecstasy the saints of former generations, but it was not given to them to hear. Consider how this message of the Sacred Heart would have stirred the charity of St. Bernard, inflamed the love of St. John of the Cross, thrilled St. Ignatius, enraptured St. Philip Neri, yet not to them but to us have the holy accents come.

With what eagerness would St. Aloysius have practiced this devotion, yet it was unknown to him in its present form, as we have received it from the revelations made to St. Margaret Mary. Our heritage is by so much richer than theirs. We have been favored by so much, beyond their generation.

In older times too, frequent communion as it exists amongst us to-day was unknown. In apostolic times, it is true, the faithful communicated at every Mass which they heard. But as customs changed, the holy practice of daily communion became more and more rare until at last even the greatest saints were not allowed to go to communion oftener than a few times a year. Thus, St.

Louis of France, who sighed to receive the Blessed Sacrament more frequently, was permitted to do so, it is said, only five or six times a year. Even in latter days, as our Holy Father Pius X, of happy memory, declared in his immortal letter on Frequent and Daily Communion, there was a dispute as to how often ordinary Catholics should receive. Now, the Holy Father by that same letter has settled the dispute forever. It is the wish, he says, of the Pope, the wish of the Church, the wish of Our Lord Himself, that every one who can do so, who is in a state of grace and has a good intention in receiving, should approach the Holy Table often, and if possible every day. Consider what would have been the exultant joy of the saints of old to hear so marvelous and so authentic an invitation. Yet it is to our time and not to theirs, that this favor has been given, and it will descend to future days as a part of the Catholic heritage.

We might continue at great length the enumeration of the richness of our inheritance, but each one for himself may easily develop the long series of our blessings. We are, in a sense, the spoiled children of God. Knowing the special dangers and trials to

which the Catholics of latter times would be exposed, He has prepared from eternity these special helps to fortify and console us. We shall be wise, then, to use to the full the extraordinary graces which lie so ready for us. It would be a calamity indeed to miss our due share of the bounty of our Father's house.

Those families in which great riches are hereditary, whose temporal inheritance is rich and extensive, have usually two desires regarding their possessions. They are anxious, each generation of them, to enjoy to the full themselves the advantages of their inheritance, and they wish to preserve and increase it for the benefit of the children who shall come after them.

We may well imitate the wisdom of these children of this world, in regard to our Catholic heritage. Since we are of the household of the Church, we enjoy by the title of children of the household the accumulated riches of the ages of Catholic piety and devotion, the great examples of Catholic history, the treasures of holy art, the splendors of Catholic literature, the thousand aids and incentives to goodness that have been gathered within the portals of the enduring

Church of God through toiling and suffering ages. It behooves us to help ourselves, so to say, to our share of this inheritance. We must become familiar, by hearing and reading, with our possessions. We must explore, so to say, the treasure-chambers of our Mother the Church. If we are strangers to Catholic history, aloof from Catholic devotion, out of touch with the life of piety of the Church, we resemble children who leave the house of their father without having seen the good things he has prepared for them, and neglect to enjoy their inheritance because they do not even know in what it consists.

Converts, who come at a mature age into the Church, are often carried away with enthusiasm at the wealth and warmth of devotion, the glories of tradition, the treasures of example, the color and light and life which they find in their Father's house. They are like lost children, who, found and brought home at last after they have wandered in the dark and the cold, take in with immense appreciation in comparison with their former poverty and loneliness, the blessings that now are theirs. But the Cath-

olic who has been born and brought up in the midst of these riches is too often indifferent to them. He goes outside of His Father's house for consolation and joy, looking for happiness where it is not to be found, and neglecting what the great ages have prepared for him. We should be wiser, being so rich in our spiritual possessions. Since we are offered so freely such great goods, we should at least stretch out our hand toward our inheritance.

The second aspect of the human wisdom of great families in regard to their temporal riches must not escape us. They seek to hand on to their descendants a well-kept and increased inheritance, and so too should we. In proportion as we use and treasure the heritage of the Church, those who come after us will know and profit by what we leave to them, with honor and appreciation. In learning it well and using it eagerly, we are preserving and increasing the Catholic inheritance for coming generations.

Let us pray to realize our own great riches and opportunities. There was never a time when the heritage of the Church was greater than now, for every year of Catholic life has

added to that treasury. We, the latest heirs of all this devotion, history, example, ritual, must learn to profit by God's exceeding precious gifts. Let us pray not to be unworthy of the greatness of our heritage!

CONFIDENCE IN MARY

TO HAVE a deep and childlike trust in the Blessed Mother of God, is a source of the most profound and genuine consolation. Such a confidence ensures, indeed, its own fulfilment. The more we rely on that most powerful and merciful Mother, the more surely we shall experience her bounty and feel the fruits of her intercession. To have confidence in Mary is to be filled with a practical conviction of this truth, to look to her unfalteringly in every trial, to expect from her hands all manner of succor and relief. Not only does this ingenuous and simple trust guarantee its own accomplishment (for the Best and Truest of women cannot disappoint those who so trust in her), but the firm expectation is in itself a comfort incomparably precious. Like a child who walks confidently through the dark, holding its mother's hand, we pass peacefully and in calm of mind through all the vicissitudes and

dangers of this life, clinging to the hand of our Mother in heaven.

To the Catholic who knows the teachings of his holy Faith in regard to the Blessed Mother, it is very easy to stir up in his heart this precious confidence. Such an implicit trust is indeed a logical and very simple consequence from what we know of the character, the office and the place in God's providence of this Most Beloved and Blessed of all women. When we read the lives of the saints, who realized so deeply the teachings of the Church about the Mother of God, we were surprised at the childlike simplicity with which they showed their reliance upon her aid. Rather, it should astonish us that every Catholic has not a similar trust, for what we know of her love, her power and her mercy should make us look for her help with a simplicity of expectation that would surpass the peace of the little child in his mother's arms.

The reasons for confidence in Mary are very obvious, very certain, and they sweep us with irresistible logic toward a sure expectation of her aid in every need or danger of our lives. Any one of these reasons might make us trust implicitly in her assist-

ance, but taken altogether, they compel our assent if only we shall duly attend to them. Whoever has the Catholic faith and does not rely on the intercession of God's Mother, has either not comprehended or not realized the truths which he believes.

Everything in the character of Mary gives us reason for implicit confidence that she will protect all her children who rely on her. One by one we may tell over the gifts of nature and of grace, the dignities of office and of power given her by her Divine Son, and at each step in our ascent of the peak of her prerogatives we come on new reasons for confiding in her love and mercy, and never discover a single cause for doubting either her power or willingness to aid us in every need. It is good to count over, even briefly, the reasons of our confidence in Mary. The trust that they will engender in us is needful and precious beyond telling.

The character of the Blessed Mother of God is one of intercessor, advocate, mother of all Christians. It is her office to plead for us with her Divine Son, not only in the great and terrible crises of our lives, but in our daily needs and little perplexities. Nothing is too great for her power, but

nothing is too slight for her motherly care. The very first instance recorded in sacred history of her intercession, shows this with moving power.

It was at the marriage feast of Cana. The watchful eye of the Blessed Virgin, ever intent on observing the needs of her children, saw, even before the chief steward whose charge this was, had observed it, that the wine for the guests was nearly exhausted before the wedding feast was over. It was one of those insignificant but painful happenings that hurt so sorely. The joy of the young couple was to be turned to confusion before all the company. It was too late to send elsewhere for more wine. Humanly speaking, there was nothing for it but to let the unconscious and smiling pair be shamed before all their guests.

Still, what strange circumstances, according to usual ways of judging, for Christ's first miracle! His hour was not yet come for those marvelous outpourings of mercy and healing which attested His divine mission. Not yet had He begun to preach and to heal the people. Was His first public miracle to be the relief of a pitiful bit of human embarrassment, the saving of this

young pair from a momentary discomfiture?

Perhaps the Blessed Mother chose this very occasion to exercise her office of advocate with her Divine Son, to show us that no one of our small necessities is beneath her notice or beyond her willingness to aid us. She was confident, too, that Our Lord would listen to her even in this trifling thing, even though His hour was not yet come. Though His words may have sounded like a refusal, "Woman, what is that to Me and to thee? My hour is not yet come;" she says to those who serve, "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." The water is made wine, the first of Christ's miracles is worked in Cana of Galilee, and for all time the spirit and power of Mary is made known to all Christians, a spirit of tender and motherly interest in all that concerns even the humblest of her children, and a power that can obtain unerringly from her most loving Son the least, even as the greatest, of favors.

In this miracle the Blessed Mother stands proclaimed as the pitying intercessor for us all, in all our needs. We need not wait until some agonizing crisis is upon us, we may confidently appeal to her in the little trials of every day. For this is the office

which her Divine Son in His blessed providence has allotted to her. She is to be in very deed the mother of all mankind, as solicitous for our slightest need, as careful to avert the least danger from us, as is a most tender mother in regard to her child.

It is at the end of His public life that Our Lord declares to us the universal motherhood of Mary. Just as He had indicated it to us by the first miracle at Cana, He chose to proclaim it in the most solemn and moving manner from the pulpit of the cross. During the last moments of His life, while He hung with glazing eyes in the throes of His death agony, He looked down and saw standing at the foot of the Cross His Mother and St. John, the disciple whom He specially loved. In this Beloved Apostle the Fathers of the Church teach us to see the representative of all the members of Christ's Church. Then, turning His dying eyes upon His Blessed Mother, He said to her: "Woman," using the same term with which He had addressed her at the marriage feast of Cana, "Woman, behold thy son," and to St. John: "Behold thy Mother!"

It was a solemn and formal gift, the dying gift of Our Lord to St. John, and in his

person to us all, of the Mother of God to be our mother. The voice of Divine Authority, as potent when He spoke from the cross of His agony as when of old He said the fiat that made the world, ringing down the ages forever, declaring to each generation of Christians that Mary is their mother. Those who are of His fold hear that voice, and there is born in their hearts a filial trust and affection which surpasses any other trust or love that is given to woman. That voice of infinite authority pierced also the deepest places of Mary's most obedient heart, and begot there such a mother's love as no other heart of woman could ever hold. "Thenceforth," says the Gospel, "the Beloved Disciple took her for his own." But thenceforth also, the most blessed Mother of God took for her own not only St. John, but every soul of us all in the Church of God, from the beginning even until the day of doom.

It is a thought upon which to build an absolute confidence. Imagine to yourself the most devoted and dutiful mother in the world who cherishes an ailing child. Think of the ceaseless vigilance, the tireless assiduity, the forethought, the solicitude of such a one, for

everything which concerns the welfare of her son. Yet, such a mother has never heard the voice of God Himself articulately admonishing her to be a dutiful mother. Our Blessed Mother has heard such a voice, and the memory of it is graven the more deeply on her heart, because every detail of the passion of her Beloved Son is forever clear to her memory.

We ourselves may forget the sublime gift which Our Saviour offered us from His cross, but the Mother whom God has given us never forgets. We may wander very far from the ways in which she would have us go. We may seem abandoned by men, and heaven itself may seem closed to us. But to the Mother of God, we are still her children, erring children it may be, ruined and lost, yet who have been given her for her sons and daughters beneath the cross of her Son. So she will watch over us, will assist us, will count our steps and prepare for us grace after grace and opportunity after opportunity until such time as the last hour allotted to us for this life of trial is ended. Then, with what a Mother's smile, if we have not been too rebellious to her kind persuasions and motherly solicitings, she will

welcome us to heaven who has done so much to bring us thither.

From any corner of the world, therefore, from any pass of life, we have only to lift up our eyes to heaven to see there, enthroned at the right hand of her Divine Son, our very Mother. The angels and the archangels pay her reverence. The nine choirs of celestial spirits all hail her as their Queen. The august company of patriarchs and prophets, the blessed throng of apostles and disciples, the shining army of martyrs, the glorious ranks of the confessors and the virgins, all the angels and the saints of heaven, acclaim her as their Mother. She is exalted unspeakably above all other creatures, powerful beyond all the combined hierarchies of the Blessed. She is the glory and honor of the Celestial Jerusalem, the delight of the Holy Trinity, the Daughter, Mother, Spouse of God, the Immaculate, the sinless, the joy of heaven and of earth. Yet this most exalted and most beloved of all women leans from her lofty throne to peer beyond the light of heaven into the shadows of this world. From the summit of her beatitude she follows with a mother's eyes the devious pathway of every one of her children who are still in

the vale of tears. In the Woman above all women, clothed with the sun and with the moon beneath her feet, we have each of us a most loving as well as a most powerful Mother. The slightest whisper of our prayer does not escape her ears. The most obscure of our necessities is not unknown to her. With the insight and power given her by her Son for our weal, she discerns our needs before we ourselves are aware of them, and answers our petitions before the words are cold upon our lips.

We cannot have too great a confidence in the love and power of our Mother in heaven, provided only that we on our part are not wanting in what is required of her faithful children. Even the Mother of God cannot save us nor help us against our will. "God," says St. Augustine, "created us without our help, but He will not save us without our help." In like manner, God has given us, without any desert of ours, His Mother to be our Mother, but to profit by the protection and aid of so good a Mother we must do something ourselves. We must have confidence in her, practice devotion to her, use the graces she obtains for us. Our state is a state of probation, and it is of the essence

of such a state that we must ourselves work out our own salvation of our own free will and by following the way which God has laid out for us. Though the protection and intercession of the Blessed Mother aids us to walk in this way of salvation, it will not force us to abide therein nor carry us forward without our own effort and co-operation.

So it would be presumption and an injury to the honor of our most holy Mother, to neglect our own part and duty and then look to her to bring us somehow to a reward that we have not deserved. Such confidence is not confidence at all, but folly. Yet, providing that we are willing to do what lies in our power, and ready to co-operate with the graces that come to us by her asking, we shall find her always the pitiful mother of our souls, rich in power, mercy and compassion, strong and desirous to help us.

Sometimes the thought of our own unworthiness and insignificance may tempt us to question whether such creatures as ourselves can really claim the love and protection of so good a mother. The thought does injustice to that Mother's heart. It is not for our own merits that she loves us, nor

because we are worthy of her great devotion, but because we have been given to her by her Divine Son to be her children, and because she sees in us the brothers and sisters of that Son, redeemed by His precious Blood. Our weakness and insignificance are therefore so much the greater reason why she should cherish and love us, and the more we are in need of her aid, the more sure we can be to obtain it.

Besides, it is a commonplace of mother's love that it fixes itself by preference on the weakest and neediest of her family. The ailing or unfortunate child is precisely the one that claims the largest share of the mother's care and love. Now, when Our Lord spoke on the cross those moving words: "Woman, behold thy son," and, "Behold thy Mother," He bade His Mother have a mother's heart for us, each and all. With the other characteristics of a mother's love, surely our Blessed Mother has taken this one also, of feeling a special tenderness for the afflicted and the wretched among her children. It is thus precisely when we are in most need of her aid, that we are most sure to secure it.

To have such an advocate and Mother, is

one of the greatest of possible blessings. To realize the priceless treasure which is ours in the love and the protection of such a Mother, is a consolation inestimably great. Strange, that possessing so sweet an assurance of aid and sympathy in all our sorrows and trials, we should realize so little our own great happiness in being the children of so faithful and so powerful a Mother.

In this, as in the case of so many consoling teachings of the Church, there is, alas, a sad gulf between knowing and realizing, between believing and bringing home vividly to ourselves the meaning and consequences of our belief. We should dwell often on the truth that we are the well-beloved and cherished children of Mary, that she is our advocate given by God to help us in all our afflictions, that there is no limit either to her pity or her power, until there is born of these thoughts so great a confidence, so reasonable and filial trust in her love and intercession, that we turn first to her in every need and derive our greatest consolation from the thought of her might to help us with her Divine Son. Then we shall indeed experience what it means to be a child of Mary, and shall repeat with joy those words of the

Memorare: "Never was it heard, most faithful Mother, that anyone asked thy help, implored thy aid or sought thy intercession without obtaining relief."

THE PRECIOUS HALF-HOUR

How many earnest Catholic men and women of the world are there nowadays who follow a daily order of life? In the last half of the last century it was quite a common thing to find devout Catholics who had a regular order of the day, particularly as regarded their devotional exercises, and who carried it out with almost as much fidelity and devotion as though they were Religious. This was easier then, no doubt, when life was less complex, and distractions were less insistent. Then the world was quieter and calmer and gave one more breathing space for meditation, spiritual reading, and an examen of conscience that was more than a half-conscious glance thrown confusedly over the events of the day. Nowadays it is increasingly difficult for many lay folk to keep any sort of regular order at all. There are so many enterprises that call for bits of one's time, so many things to read and to hear if one would keep abreast of the day, so many friends

coming in or asking one to go out, in a word, such a constant whirlwind of distractions that it is exceedingly hard for one who lives in the world to keep any regular way of life at all. Yet these very conditions which tend so to distract the soul and keep it from thinking of serious things, are really that many additional reasons for having and trying to keep some regular order in one's spiritual life. In particular, the current distractions of the time make it necessary for us systematically to give part of the day to spiritual reading.

Spiritual reading has fallen, one fears, somewhat into disuse even among the devout. The mechanical heaping-up of current papers and magazines on our library tables, the constant pressure of secular literature clamoring for attention, so take up spare moments and monopolize our interest that to sit quietly down and read a spiritual book seems to many good folk quite out of the question. The characteristic feature of modern periodical literature is its insistent and clever, thoroughly organized and unremitting appeal to be read on the spot. The remarkable machinery of agents and booksellers, of circulation promoters and of boys

on the street, keep pushing under our eyes and thrusting into our hands and calling to our attention in manifold ways a motley lot of magazines and papers gotten up to catch the eye, to claim immediate notice, to be read on the instant that they have come hot from the press. This tremendous pressure of secular literature and this unabating and continual effort of its promoters to get our attention make it the more necessary for us to turn deliberately toward the literature of eternity, and to strengthen our resolve to do a bit of pious reading, if it be only for a half-hour every day. That will be a most precious and profitable half-hour. At first, perhaps, when we take up a spiritual book, its unworldly thoughts and serious sentences may strike a chill to our hearts after the hot eagerness and passionate interest of the secular stuff which we have been voraciously consuming. There is an unworldliness and other-worldliness about spiritual books, which do not always appeal to the natural man in us. We must put ourselves into the proper frame of mind, reflect a moment on eternity, recollect the need of some solid nourishment for our soul, in order to keep ourselves at the task. But, nevertheless, it

is worth our while to persevere. After this first disinclination and momentary dislike of spiritual reading, our better nature will assert itself and take pleasure in this solid nourishment.

We have, after all, many selves within ourselves. There is the light-minded, careless creature that sometimes comes to the surface and demands to be entertained and amused; there is that more serious personality in us which is interested in sober discussion and wants information and solid reasons; and there is, too, the spiritual self which realizes its everlasting destiny and is consciously on the way toward heaven. That first and trivial self of ours will be displeased by spiritual reading. It will begin to tug and pull for something more interesting, more in touch with the times, more recently written. It will reach out for a current novel or suggest the latest magazine. Our intellectual self, sober and seeking reasons, may also be inclined at first to take little interest in what we read. If we are occupied with the life of a saint, whose deeds are strange to human nature and who conquered self to such a sublime degree that the natural man can no longer understand

his actions, then our matter-of-fact and intellectual self may perhaps wish a little more of discursive argument. But our spiritual self, that hungers in us for the love of God and for supernatural things, will more and more assert itself as it is nourished more and more by this strong food of the soul.

It is exceedingly important that we should nourish that better self and disregard the hungry clamor of what is light and foolish in us, because the craving for entertainment, the appetite for light literature, gradually hurts our minds and our hearts. If we nourish a task for folly at the expense of our soul's welfare, we may become after a while profoundly unreligious, worldly, and trivial and be so entirely intent on the present as to be disregardful of our soul's eternal destiny.

It is very prudent, therefore, for us to resolve most strongly to make at least one half-hour of spiritual reading every day. And what shall we choose for the subject matter? Exceedingly good advice in this regard is to pick out in the beginning something that we expect to find interesting and that rather fits in with our general likings. To force one's self through a spiritual book

which is not at all interesting and is entirely foreign to our taste, is sometimes a disastrous experiment. We may get so sick and tired of what we are reading, that the memory refuses to do its task, the will is not moved, and our precious half-hour becomes a merely mechanical drudgery of forcing ourselves to read what we do not appreciate nor perhaps even understand. With good books as with food, to paraphrase Bacon's well-known simile, what is well-chewed and thoroughly digested does us most good, and this is particularly true of spiritual books, which require to be thoroughly digested in order properly to nourish our souls. As bodily appetite is a great help to good digestion, so the hunger that our minds have for a spiritual book or the interest we feel in perusing it, is a great aid to assimilating what we read. Look among the spiritual books that offer themselves and find something toward which you feel attracted. Go into a Catholic bookstore or into a lending library and browse about until you find some good book which whets your mental appetite.

A most salutary sort of reading, as is remarked in another chapter, is a well-written life of a saint. But one caution may

be given in regard to lives of the saints. The saints were citizens of their time and their country as well as citizens of heaven. Their actions, therefore, were sometimes colored by the surroundings in which they lived. Again, not all that the saints did is entirely for our imitation, because at times they went to extremes in the practice of virtue which we cannot copy, and at other times their heroic courage and the special strength that God gave them enabled them to perform mortifications and good works beyond our strength. In following the saints, therefore, we should try to imitate their essential spirit of piety and devotion rather than the exterior actions, sometimes strange and peculiar to our notions, which were the manifestations of their interior spirit. We can always safely imitate them in their love of God and of their neighbor, in their spirit of prayer, in the interior mortification which they showed in bearing the trials God gave them and in refraining from what they knew was harmful to their souls. But when it comes to imitating their exterior actions, even their method of dealing with others, we must have a care; because these were often profoundly influenced by the circumstances in which they

lived and by the special inspirations and strength which God gave to them. It is quite possible that a course of action which was the proper way for a saint and tended greatly to his spiritual profit, would actually wreck our health and perhaps even hurt our souls. It is then the spirit and the interior disposition of the saints that we should copy rather than their exterior way of life.

Besides the lives of the saints there are a host of other spiritual books, some of them excellent, others not so suited to our individual needs. A great many good authors have undertaken to write spiritual works which may have been suited to their own time and have met very well the special needs of those whom they addressed, but which are more or less unsuitable to this age and require to be read with some discretion. In choosing our reading, therefore, we do well to take the advice of some thoroughly instructed person, preferably a priest, and especially one's confessor, and to ask guidance concerning the books it would be best to read, having in view one's natural disposition and needs.

It is a point of very particular importance to assign some special time of the day, and,

if one can, to fix some particular hour or half-hour during which always to practice spiritual reading. If the thing is left to chance or to opportunity, there are so many other claims that will arise to take up our time, that this precious half-hour will invariably get crowded out. It is only by fixing a definite time for spiritual exercises and particularly for this half-hour of spiritual reading, that we can succeed in keeping it up. Then we should make it a point of honor and self-respect to persevere. Who is there that does not waste half an hour during the day, or at least who could not economize that much out of the unnecessary things we all are prone to do? Somehow, we always succeed in getting leisure enough three times a day for nourishing our body; and no matter how busy we are, we contrive to be pretty regular at this necessary exercise. Now (to repeat again an excellent if homely comparison), it is really as necessary to feed one's soul with good thoughts as it is to keep up the strength of the body by food. If one is regular in making spiritual reading, one finds by degrees that one gets a healthy hunger for good thoughts which will demand satisfaction, just as the bodily hunger recurs

at the times when we are used to refreshing our body with food.

Choose a time of day, too, when you are not too liable to interruptions, and when you can count on a half-hour to yourself. Unfortunately, our material needs and present occupations are always likely to encroach on devotional exercises, so if we are not very determined and careful about choosing this time and keeping to it, the precious half-hour will gradually be reduced to a quarter of an hour, and then perhaps vanish away altogether. It would be well not to postpone beginning this good practice. Betake yourself to-day to the bookstore or the library and choose an interesting book, and then sternly set off half an hour each day in which you will do nothing else but read. It will be extremely helpful if you can persuade some friends of yours to make a similar resolution and to meet together, now and then at least, for spiritual reading. A very edifying example is given by mothers of families who gather their sons and daughters about them at some quiet half-hour of the day to read a spiritual book. The rest can do some handiwork while one reads, and so the time passes very quickly and pleas-

antly. Where several friends come together for half an hour each day they may follow the same plan, taking turns, one reading while the others work.

How little we sometimes have to show for eternity in the course of a busy day. We have been extremely industrious and seem to have accomplished very little. But if we have had an effective resolve to spend each day this precious half-hour in spiritual reading, there will be at least one bright landmark among the hours, when we look back over them after the day is done. We shall have given half an hour entirely to God and to holy thoughts, and our minds, refreshed and nourished by what we have heard or read during this precious half-hour, will have been strengthened and our will inflamed with a love of God and of spiritual things which will last during all the other actions of the entire day.

OUR DEVOTIONS

THE dogmas of the Church are unchangeable and unchanged, they are more lasting than the hills, more enduring than the ocean. Guaranteed in their immutable truth by the fidelity of God, they defy the years and outlast all ages. As they were in the apostolic days, so they shall be when the Son of man comes with power and majesty for the general judgment. If the Catholics of the last day could go back and listen to Peter preaching on the first Pentecost, they would discern the utter identity of his doctrine with that which they shall be taught so many weary cycles afterward in the extreme old age of the world. To use a luminous illustration, the dogmas of the Church are like those ancient cathedrals, centuries old and incrusted with the lichens of many years, which lift their solid bulk from the soil of Europe, standing unchanged and imperishable like islands of eternity in the midst of the swirling streams of time. Generations have risen and perished, crowds

of worshippers have come and gone. The dwellings at their base have crumbled and been renewed. The face of the land has changed during many seasons. Yet these immutable reminders of the faith and fervor of Christendom still rear their stubborn bulk over the world, seeming to gather new firmness with the passage of years and to sink their solid foundations deeper in the earth and harden their rocky walls the more against the blows of time.

But side by side with the dogmas of the Church, changing while they are unchanged, an element of constant variety and color in the age-long life of the Spouse of Christ, the devotions of the faithful, agreeing with the doctrines of the Church and in accord with her holy principles, rise and flourish, increase and are renewed, and bring diversity, interest and fervor to the faithful of every age in the practice of religious duties. These devotions are special exercises of worship, paid with interior fervor and warmth of love to some special mystery in the life of Christ or His Blessed Mother, to some particular saint, or to some attribute or part of the divine Humanity. From among the many objects of Christian devotion, the preference

of the faithful selects with a holy instinct some one to be particularly honored. The general fervor and common zeal of many pious souls kindling together with such a special devotion, serves to light and fire still others to the practice of the same reverence, until a new devotion is established in and approved by the Church, and a new beauty and fervor is added to the worship of the faithful.

The origin of some of these devotions of the Church has been miraculous, and they are thus the result of a direct interposition of Heaven. The form of adoration of the Blessed Sacrament expressed in the feast of Corpus Christi, was the outcome of a special revelation made to the Blessed Juliana Falconieri. Devotion to the Sacred Heart as we know it, is the consequence of the revelations of Our Lord to Saint Margaret Mary. Every one knows how the devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes took its rise from her apparitions to that favored daughter of the poor, Bernadette Soubirous. So, many others of the devotions now popular among the faithful have been either originated or confirmed by miracles.

The practice of devotions is greatly in

accord with the spirit of Catholicity and is heartily approved and encouraged by the Church of Christ. It is an instinct of our human nature to pay special worship to the particular friends of God or to objects intimately consecrated to His honor and service. One remarks, even in pagan lands, the perversion of this natural instinct in the multiplication of endless shrines to false deities, the worship of fabulous heroes and the veneration of mythical articles of devotion, of the tooth of Buddha, the hair from Mohammed's beard and so on, *ad nauseam.* This craving for objects of devotion though perverted and misdirected by false creeds, is the voice of the human heart crying for objects which it may reverence and admire. The pagan religions feed this instinct with the chaff and straw of imaginary and mythical objects of veneration. The Christian Faith alone answers this craving of the heart with holy and worthy objects of reasonable reverence.

It is well for us all to choose from among the many objects which the Church has sanctioned as the recipients of our devotion, those which appeal the most nearly to our heart. Some choice is necessary, because it is quite

impracticable for each to cherish them all in a special way. Devotion supposes particular remembrance, love and service, and it is obviously impossible, with our limited time and finite powers, to give these to all of the many objects of reverence proposed to us. It is, therefore, the intention of our Holy Mother the Church that we should select from among the many devotions approved by her, those which especially suit us at the time. For different ages and different states of life Divine Providence has given different ones, beautiful and appealing. Thus, for the young the Church encourages the love and veneration of youthful saints like St. Agnes and St. Aloysius. For those who are older, she holds up for special reverence and imitation those who have gone farther in the ways of life and who thus offer models of a more mature sanctity. No one is under any duty to choose one or the other patron. But all will naturally select that model who comes more near to their own condition and need.

Besides these special devotions, there are some of universal appeal and which the Church desires for all her children. Chief among these comes devotion to the Blessed

Sacrament, which is a compendium of all the marvels of God's love and in which we worship the incarnate Son of God Himself and commemorate all His multiplied mercies, His sacrifice on the cross for our salvation, and His age-long dwelling amongst us in the Sacrament of His love. Next in dignity to that given to Christ Himself, is devotion to His Blessed Mother, most worthy of all mere creatures to be honored and revered, and to whose intercession we owe under God the graces which sustain us. Next, perhaps, in the esteem of the faithful comes devotion to St. Joseph, and then follows the long procession of patrons whose bright example and gentle intercession light up the paths of men down all the centuries.

In regard to devotions there are two extremes which even well-instructed Catholics have sometimes to be counselled to avoid. One is the giving up of all these practices, as though they were something childish and fanciful and not needed in the spiritual life of those who are solid and mature. The other is the multiplication of endless devotions, which become burdensome and vexatious, interfere with one's regular duties, and sometimes actually offer an

impediment to progress in perfection because they take up time and energy which should be given to fulfilling obligations, and give one a feeling of being pious and dutiful when as a matter of fact one may be neglecting, for the sake of these pious practices, much more necessary matters.

A delusion which likewise follows at times from this excess is the feeling that one must get through a certain number of pet devotions each day or incur somehow a curse or grievous detriment. Beset with this unreasonable fear, some misguided people make themselves martyrs of a routine of devotions, plaguing themselves with groundless fears and rushing to accomplish all the tasks they have arbitrarily set themselves, as though salvation itself depended on getting through their whole category of practices every day.

Though this abuse of the spirit of devotion is regrettable, the state of those superior persons who think themselves able to dispense with any devotions at all, is rather worse. It is said of one of the unhappy leaders of the so-called "Old Catholics," whose apostasy from the Church after the infallibility of the Pope had been defined against their protests, gave so great a scan-

dal, that one of the first signs of his defection from Catholic teaching was his refusal to use holy water. This was a slight thing in itself, yet it showed that the tide of his feeling and inclination was setting away from the practices of the Church. It is an ominous thing when one departs from practices common to Catholics throughout the world and which are the spontaneous expression of piety and fervor.

The golden mean, therefore, between these two extremes is to be heartily recommended. One should first make sure to have deeply at heart and to practice when occasion serves, the great and general devotions to the Blessed Sacrament, to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord and to His Blessed Mother. Gratitude would seem also to require us to have special reverence for our Guardian Angel, for our patron saints, and those citizens of heaven whose intercession has been especially helpful to us and who have most notably answered our prayers. We should also have compassion on the Poor Souls in Purgatory, and it is hard to see how any one with a feeling heart can fail to practice toward them the devotion of ransoming prayer and to gain them the easy deliverance

from their weary sufferings, which we can win for them by little acts of mortification and sacrifice. When these great devotions are deeply rooted in our soul and reasonably expressed in our prayers and pious works, we may go forth and glean as we will the other flowers with which the sweet meadows of the Church abound.

Neither should one fear, when reason offers or just inclination leads, to change one's unessential devotions and to seek new fervor in some other approved and venerable practice of the Church. The inhabitants of heaven are not jealous, and all the honor which we pay to the saints redounds to the glory of their Maker, Redeemer and Sanctifier who is the Lord Most High. Yet there are two cautions which one should bear in mind in taking up new devotions. The one is, not to accept nor practice any novelty before being assured that it is in full conformity with the spirit of the Church and approved by competent authority. For this reason the older devotions are the safer. Indeed, from time to time some enthusiast imposes upon the faithful with an invented devotion, specious enough, but to which the Church cannot give her sanction. Devo-

tions are not dogmas of the Church, but they must never be in conflict with her dogmas nor with the spirit of the Faith. Untried and new practices may often have an element of danger. As for such things as the "chain of prayers," which is sent about with a threat that some indefinite disaster will happen to him who breaks the chain, and the claim that some magical efficacy is attached to the mere saying of the prayer, sensible Catholics scarcely need to be warned against such impostures. When one receives a letter of this kind one's duty is to tear it up and think no more of the matter. It is wrong to take up or to spread such injurious frauds. They are discreditable to religion.

The second caution which the multiplication of devotions sometimes makes necessary is that one should not allow new and secondary exercises to usurp the place of the great established and primary devotions of the Church, to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Holy Mother of God. The waves of new practices which have periodically swept over the faithful in recent times have sometimes interfered with these fundamental devotions,

particularly with that to the Blessed Virgin. The pious exercises which are possible to the faithful have definite limits and so have the time and fervor which they can give to devotions. Hence, if an immense wave of veneration toward some special saint is spread in a locality, devotion to the Blessed Mother is in danger of suffering a partial eclipse. This should by all means be guarded against, for it is no true service to any of the heavenly company to celebrate their praise or seek their intercession at the expense of the honor of their Mother and Queen. All the reverence we pay to saints and all our true devotions have as their final aim the honor of God, who is glorified in all His saints. But after the reverence we pay Christ Himself, the most pleasing of all devotions to His Sacred Heart must surely be that which we give to His most Beloved Mother.

TURNING LIFE TO PRAYER

TO PRAY well is a subject of constant difficulty. Many good and devout persons complain exceedingly of aridity and distractions in prayer. They find it hard to keep their attention fixed on the great work they are doing during those times of the day when they give themselves of set purpose to prayer. They complain of the swarm of distractions which, like pestiferous insects, buzz about their head during the holy hours assigned to meditation. The dullness of routine, the monotony of accustomed words, the torpor of the mind which comes from use and repetition of the same forms of prayer, clog their intelligence, so it seems to them, and dull the will, so that their praying becomes an effort and a trial.

Many wise counsels have been offered to such complaining souls concerning the need of having a method in prayer and of taking the proper measures to vary and diversify one's meditations and to make them fervent and interesting. But when these means are

tried for a while, the old difficulty of praying returns unabated. The case is much the same as regards the making of occasional prayers during the day. The practice of brief and fervent ejaculations helps indeed very greatly to keep up the spirit of fervor and the recollection of God's presence, and it is to be very much recommended to every one who wishes to lead a fervent life. But even this practice sometimes becomes monotonous or it is forgotten in the rush and distraction of busy days, so the difficulty of praying persists most vexatiously. Many a good soul who would like to be the intimate friend of God and to enjoy the delights of converse with Him in frequent and fervent prayer, finds that this holy exercise, which should in theory be the greatest consolation and pleasure to the devout soul, is, in practice, a war with aridity, distractions and indevotion.

There is a happy practice that may be used in this connection, which if well understood and perseveringly followed out, should go far toward curing this chronic trouble in prayer. It is a simple thing yet lies very near to the root of the difficulty in praying. It is a secret of the saints, yet open and easy

for the use even of those who are still far down the slope of perfection and are struggling toward the distant summit. It consists, in a word, in turning our life to prayer. God is with us always and listening always to the movements of our heart. His omniscience makes Him perfectly aware of the slightest motions of our being. Our intelligence and our will are an open book to His all comprehending eyes. He knows us infinitely better than we know ourselves. He is, besides, most interested in all that concerns us, even in the slightest and seemingly most trivial things. With God, nothing is either great or small, because He is infinitely removed from the great and infinitely near to the little. To attend to the endless details of His creation is to Him not the slightest effort. The whisper of a little child, babbling its prayer with only a faint comprehension of its meaning, sounds as clear in the ears of God as the mighty supplications of the saints.

From God's side, therefore, there is no difficulty in turning our life to prayer. St. Paul bids us, "Pray always!" and this exhortation has bewildered literal and dutiful souls who cannot understand how it is

possible to be forever at prayer. But they need not be perplexed at the objection that God could not listen to the multiplied petitions if all mankind were constantly to pray. His infinite attention and unending compassion are ready at every instant, and He easily perceives all the manifold motions of innumerable hearts. The difficulty, alas! is all from our side. Believing and knowing that our Father in Heaven is always ready to give good things to them that ask Him, and conscious at the same time of our manifold occasions to ask His pity and His aid, we still find it so difficult to join these two truths together and make them the fertile source and well-spring of fervent supplication. If only we could find some method, we say to ourselves, of making all the needs and sorrows of our life the motives of our prayer.

There is a way of doing this, and a very simple one. It consists in strengthening our faith and realization of the presence of God and of His attentive goodness and then of schooling ourselves to turn every event of our days which rouses in us either joy or sorrow, anxiety or relief, security or apprehension, into an occasion to let our heart speak to our Heavenly Father and say to

Him whatever we are moved to say by the happening of the moment. To do this habitually is to turn our whole lives into a constant prayer.

The first step toward this happy consummation is, let us say again, to strengthen our realization of the presence of God and of His infinite interest in us and boundless desire to hear and help us. Unless we have a practical realization of God's nearness to us, and a firm conviction of His constant willingness to befriend us if only we will ask His aid, we shall not have the incentive to think of Him and speak of Him in every joy and vicissitude of our life. Unhappily, we may believe very firmly in the goodness and readiness of God to help us and yet realize this truth so little that in an occasion of special joy or sorrow, we may think of going to almost any one else to tell our rejoicing or tribulation before we turn to that Friend who, more than all others together, can understand and share our exultation or our grief.

So great a gulf there is between merely believing, and knowing and realizing and putting in practice, that if we could manage to realize the things we know by our faith,

we should all be saints. When we have finished the little Catechism, we all of us know enough to make us very holy. The rest of our lives must be spent in trying to realize and apply to ourselves those truths which in themselves have been the food of saints and the inspiration of the confessors of the faith. It is, therefore, no little task to realize the presence of God and His infinite friendliness. It will be very much worth our while to begin this task with the greatest fervor, and to resolve to bring home to ourselves the consoling teachings of the faith concerning God's all-presence, all-goodness and all-willingness to help us.

This may be done, first of all, in meditation, when we go aside for an hour or part of an hour from all distractions and occupations and turn our thoughts directly to God and the things of God. Then, let us think as serious and as vividly as we can, about what faith teaches us concerning the goodness of the Father of mercies and let us make the most fervent acts of which we are capable of faith in His all-presence, all-goodness and all-power, of hope in His most faithful promises, and of devoted and unselfish love of His goodness, for His own sake, and because

He is so lovable in Himself. Whatever time we can spend in this holy exercise of realization will be well invested indeed for the interests of eternity. Because whatever realization we can manage to seize hold on of God's friendship, knowledge and power, will vastly help us to turn our lives to prayer.

After this effort at realization, we shall find ourselves more convinced in a practical way, that God is near us, listening and waiting for whatever we have to say to Him. Then, we can begin to acquire or increase the habit of turning to Him in every event of our life and sharing with Him whatever joy or affliction comes our way. The more vivid our realization of God's presence, the more practical our sense of His interest in us and willingness to help us, the more constant will be our conversation with Him and therefore the more perpetual and efficacious our prayer. Nor is it necessary in this perpetual conversation with Almighty God that we should use any words or should formulate what we have to say to Him. Words are not necessary in order that God may understand us, because He reads the secrets of our hearts, and knows what we wish to say even before we have put it into words. "Heart

speaketh to heart," and it is only necessary for us to direct the intention of our wills to Almighty God in confidence and supplication, resignation or thanksgiving, to turn the whole motion of our heart into a prayer, and to transform the movements of our soul, joy or sorrow, anxiety or satisfaction, into the corresponding acts of petition, thanksgiving and adoration.

Now, joy and sorrow, fear, anticipation, the planning of the future, the struggles of the present, our every-day perplexities, our trials, defeats and victories, anxieties and triumphs, these are the stuff of which our life itself is made. If, therefore, we can succeed in this extremely simple and practical way in turning all these emotions and movements of our souls into prayers, we shall have made our whole life a prayer and shall have learned to follow out in a wonderful way that startling exhortation of St. Paul to "pray always." Our heart itself will be praying in all its manifold movements and desires; yearning to God in supplication at the first thought of a trial to be met or a difficulty to be encountered; singing to Him in praise over every good gift with which His divine providence delights our heart; ador-

ing Him in all the events of life and speaking to Him familiarly by a holy habit of intimate friendship and as a friend speaks to a dear and trusted friend.

It is one of the most marvelous things in creation, that we who are so infinitely beneath God in our nature can, through His incomprehensible condescension, become in truth and literally His intimate friends. It was a thing never dreamed of by the keenest and most speculative minds of pagan times that the infinite, the uncreated, that God to whom their intellects had struggled through the mists of polytheism and toward whom their wills yearned with a desperate desire, would actually raise human beings to the level of friendship, which supposes some sort of equality and requires a deification, so to speak, of human nature. But our obtuseness is as pathetic as God's condescension is marvelous and sublime, and we are as slow, alas, in profiting by His friendship to turn our lives into perpetual prayer as He is swift and pitiful to hear and heed the slight and daily motions of our heart.

This is one of those great secrets of the saints which leads swiftly and surely to the heights of goodness. If we have the cour-

age and industry to turn our whole lives into prayer, we shall soon become great friends and intimates of God. One thought, in conclusion, may make this practice easier for us. God, in His exceeding great love, has become a man for our salvation, dwells upon our altars and is present amongst us in the Blessed Sacrament, our constant and most pitiful Friend. Can we find it hard to remember to converse with God and turn all the motions of our hearts into prayer by directing them toward Him, when this great miracle of God's mercy and tenderness dwells so intimately amongst us? Teach your heart to be reminded by every incident of life to lean and yearn habitually toward Christ in the Eucharist and direct to Him, in joy, in sorrow, in fear and desire every motion of your soul. Then, you will have found a heaven upon earth, and your whole life will turn to prayer.

A STRANGE DELUSION

POETS and philosophers all unite in assuring us that this world is "but a fleeting show for man's illusion given." The transiency and instability of mortal things is a favorite theme for moralists and singers. From the first dawn of days until this introspective time, men have been assuring themselves and one another that nothing mortal is enduring and that we have not here a lasting habitation. In theory, we all admit this very obvious truth. Yet in practice, it is one of the most curious phenomena of human nature, to see the strange delusion of permanence which comes to most men and women in the midst of the flux and change of this fleeting thing called Life.

While they quite freely profess in theory that all things pass away and we along with them, in practice they act and think as though they and the world were to endure forever. There is a curious little twist in the civil law as we remember it, which illustrates quite

well this comical inclination of our human nature to look on life as a thing of indefinite duration. An estate which is to endure for the whole lifetime of the possessor is counted as a nobler estate than one for a hundred years. The reason, given in weighty legal commentaries, is that a lifetime is of indefinite duration, whereas a term of years is fixed and determined, and so the one is nobler than the other. Because our life is indefinitely long, we forget that it is likewise indefinitely short, and our tendency always is to think of living as a permanent thing, instead of considering dying as a certain one.

This illusion of permanence can scarcely be broken, even by the better teachings of experience. Those who are constantly face to face with dyings and partings, the nurses in great public hospitals, the physicians in active practice, who see perpetual evidence of the nothingness of life in the constant deaths about them, seem oftentimes as subject to this delusion as the rest of men. They frequently appear in practice to consider that they themselves are immune from the common fate which they see pursuing all the rest of mankind. They may live as though

this perpetual dying did not warn them that they too must die. The result of this delusion of the permanence of life, acted out in daily affairs, is of course and first of all to make men ridiculous. Delusions always have a comic side, and the more serious and profound they are, the more laughable their results sometimes appear. The very gravity with which men go about doing silly things is sometimes irresistibly funny, and the more sober their delusions the more hilarious becomes the laughter of the lookers-on.

It is said that the exhibitions of hypnotists are very ridiculous for this very reason of the complete delusion of their victims. Told that some scraps of paper are precious coins, the subject of the hypnotist scrambles madly for them and holds on to them like a miser. Assured that the empty table before him is loaded with good things to eat, he goes to work with gusto at an imaginary banquet, eating and drinking thin air as though it were luscious food and wine. The onlookers roar with laughter because the man is so serious in his folly. But to the hypnotized man these imaginations are realities, and wrapped in the delusion he is utterly unconscious of

his own absurdities. In the same way the mildly insane are sometimes very funny in their illusions. The seriousness with which they assert things utterly unreal makes them absurd.

The case is much the same with those men and women who give themselves up so seriously to the delusion of the permanence of life and the endurance of mortal things. They too, are clutching an imaginary treasure. They are pursuing benefits that exist only in their mind's eye, and playing parts as ridiculous as those that lunatics imagine. Viewed in the light of the facts, their antics may well make men smile and angels weep, they are so utterly out of joint with the stern realities of things.

It is strange and pitiful how otherwise sensible men give way to the mad passion for making money. They know well that their possession and enjoyment of whatever they can gain, is precarious in the extreme. They see about them innumerable instances of people who have built houses for others to live in, gathered gear for others to waste and spend. They know quite well that even though they were to live to the extreme limit of human days, they will soon have to relin-

quish what they have got together and go to give an account of their stewardship to the Lord from whom all things come. Yet, despite this knowledge, they work as earnestly and plan as tirelessly for gain as though what they were getting were to last forever. It seems quite to escape their realization, how utterly they will have to relinquish and leave behind all their earthly possessions, when they die.

A very similar delusion afflicts those other men and women who work for fame. How eagerly they plan and strive to build up among their contemporaries a certain reputation. Some time since, a very grave and self-sufficient dogmatizer of the agnostic school was summing up the sanctions of right conduct, and he solemnly asserted that chief among the motives for keeping in the path of rectitude and doing one's duty in this world is "fear of judgment." But the "judgment" which, according to his subsequent explanation, was to deter a man from misdeeds and keep him in the path of service to the state and to society was "the judgment"—save the mark!—"of his contemporaries!" In other words, the final tribunal of justification in the mind of this sen-

tentious gentleman is the current public opinion of one's time!

A strange delusion! The public opinion of any time is as fluent and changeable as life itself. The judgment of one's contemporaries is as fickle and passing a thing as can be imagined. It is born of the breath of men and dies with the sound of the words that give it birth. Yet, somehow, this fleeting breath of public opinion seems in the eyes of many like the wiseacre quoted above, to have a permanent and lasting value. Their chief aim in life is to win the good opinion of their fellows. They are entirely forgetful, meanwhile, of the good opinion of Almighty God, which alone will endure and matter when their "contemporaries" are no more.

This is the way of the world. Without shame because without realization of their strange delusion, serious-minded and self-sufficient men and women go gravely about the business of life crammed full of wrong standards and false judgments of the value of things. They sweat and labor for shadows, they build and plan as if they were to live in this world for eternal years. Deeply solicitous about the next moment and care-

ful to provide for a long stay on earth, they seem entirely to forget the imminence of death and the certainty of eternity, and they are as careless as children about the life to come, while they are as wise as sages about the life that is.

One might understand such an attitude on the part of those who are so unfortunate as to have no belief in the hereafter and who therefore wish to make the most of what they possess in this world. But it is hard, indeed, to understand how men and women, who truly believe in the world to come and who profess their faith in judgment and in an everlasting punishment or reward, can calmly live as though these tremendous realities did not exist at all, and as though the be-all and the end-all were this little life with its trifling amusements, gains and enterprises. We sometimes wonder at the utter shiftlessness of that large class of vagabonds called tramps, who wander about in the South in winter and in the North in the summer time, enjoying the mere pleasure of loafing, and without any care for to-morrow. The entire improvidence of such fellows shocks and amazes the careful citizen, who cannot understand how men can be satisfied with an

existence which gives them no guarantee of comfort or lasting domicile from one day to the other. Yet, a very great number of grave and sensible men and women are but tramps in what concerns the interests of their souls and the future life.

Precisely as the social vagabond lives shiftlessly and without care for the earthly morrow, finding all his satisfaction in the moment's sweet-do-nothing, and indifferent to what may happen afterward, so these spiritual tramps go gravely on through the pleasant ways they find before their feet, and take no care whatever for that to-morrow which will face them just beyond the uncertain gates of death. They are as shiftless for the hereafter as they are wise and prudent for to-day, and it is a strange delusion indeed, which makes them so satisfied and content with themselves and with their own wisdom, when they are forgetting and overlooking that momentous to-morrow which shall last for all eternity.

This delusion is all the more terrible and sad because it deprives so many men and women of immense glory and delight through all eternity, which they could so easily get, if they were as careful and prudent about

the life to come as they are about this present world. That same industry, forethought and care which is so effective in promoting and securing their temporal well-being and prosperity, would be efficacious beyond measure to obtain for them in the world to come an unthinkable weight of glory. Yet they calmly forget and overlook the near and momentous realities of eternity which will last forever, while they so carefully provide for and value the shows and shadows of a life utterly uncertain in its duration and sure to end forever in some brief decades of years.

Even those who are sincerely striving to make for themselves mansions in the home of eternity and who are solicitous about the everlasting things, are in danger of falling to some degree into that same strange delusion concerning the permanence and value of earthly goods. We are so utterly tied to the flesh and so immersed in time, that we grow to think and judge in terms of this world, and to consider this earth real and this life substantial, while the eternal verities seem shadowy and far away. The example of the world about us, which is so terribly intent on present things and so scornful or

forgetful of the things eternal, has a more powerful influence on us than we dream. Worldliness, which is the love and trust in earthly possessions and earthly good things to the forgetfulness of God and of eternity, is one of the most subtle of spiritual temptations, and it enters into and possesses the mind and the soul of a man like an infection which strikes deep and poisons the soul with sickness before one is aware.

It is necessary for us all, then, to struggle actively by prayer and meditation against this strange delusion of the permanence of earth and the enduring value of life. The soul must again and again be brought face to face with the moving doctrines of Christ, concerning the nothingness of the world and the preciousness of heaven and of eternity. We must look about us with the eyes of faith and try to esteem this life only as a preparation for the life to come. We must deliberately school ourselves to refrain from and renounce the seeming goods of the world save in so far as they clearly help us toward the real and lasting goods of eternity. By such deliberate effort and careful self-discipline, we shall be able to guard ourselves, in great part at least, from the strange delu-

sion which makes fools of so large a number of mankind. It is worth while to use great vigilance and ceaseless self-control to free ourselves from so pitiful an error—for solid though the world may seem, and strong though the current of our life may run, it will after all be but a very little while before the shadows of this world have given place to the enduring realities of the world to come.

THINGS AS THEY ARE

WE MAY be too modest to say so, but almost any one of us could suggest some improvements in the universe! It would seem an extremely easy matter to us, by some obvious changes, to make the world a much better place to live in. In fact, we are surprised at times to note how inadequate some of the arrangements of creation seem. While we refrain from criticizing, still it appears to us very mysterious that God should tolerate things as they are.

In our own character and circumstances we are especially apt to long for changes and ameliorations. When we reflect on our spiritual state and resolve amendment for the hundredth time, it is likely to occur to us that it would be so easy to be good if things were only a little different from what they are. If such and such an occasion for vexation did not so often come our way, what an extremely agreeable and placid person we could be! If such and such an individual could only be permanently

removed from our horizon, we should be charitable to all the rest of the world besides. If such and such a duty might only be eliminated from the list, the others would give us little inconvenience; we could get on almost perfectly. In a word, we could be so much better if things were only not precisely as they are.

So, too, with our own disposition with which we wage an intermittent warfare all our lives. At first the outlines of our character are like a new landscape to us—that is in our early youth. But little by little, aided by the gentle gestures of our friends or the severer pointings of our adversaries, we come to notice certain disagreeable prominences which stand out, like rugged and forbidding peaks, against the sky-line of our disposition. These predominant faults, with their rocky contours, spoil the view, and it is against them that we bend the most part of our spiritual engineering, trying to hack them away by spiritual examens and carry them off by acts of the contrary virtues. We make some progress in the course of years but, alas! seem only to succeed in altering the outline a little and in smoothing off some rugged corners.

We pray to be relieved of these stony defects in our disposition. But the mountains remain, and we grow used to meeting them in the prospect of every day. It gives us, perhaps, some consolation to consider how much better we would be under slightly altered circumstances. There are numbers of persons spiritually inclined who are *prospective* saints. As soon as conditions change a little, they will begin working for perfection in good earnest. Just at present they find it impracticable to be as good as they would wish. But after a bit, when circumstances which are a hindrance to their goodness have passed away, they will surprise every one by the sudden flowering out of their virtue. They are only waiting for things to become a little different from what they are!

But must not all this seem a bit funny in the sight of the angels? Must not those wise spirits look with pitying amusement upon our general inclination to put our sanctity in the future and make our goodness depend on some slight or considerable changes in the present structure of things? "We look before and after and long for what is not." But God has put our sancti-

fication in the present and arranged for us the precise set of circumstances in which He wishes to see us work out our salvation and show our fidelity to His law. Our duty to God and our neighbor, the perfecting of our soul and the sum of our eternal glory must be done and wrought and gathered together in the midst of things as they are.

The exact circumstances in which one finds oneself at any moment of this life have been brought to pass under the ruling providence of God. If not one of the birds of the air falls to the ground unless this heavenly Father knows, and if He works without ceasing to clothe the flowers of the field so that the least of them outshines, in the wonder of its raiment, Solomon in all his glory, how much more will He have care of the least detail that affects ourselves, who are the pinnacle of His creation, the apple of His eye and the treasure of His heart. In moving words, full of the sweetness of divine charity, He has told us of His unsleeping providence that shapes our ends. Using the comparison of the most devoted human love to express how much His own transcends all human affection, He has told us that even though a mother should forget the child of

her womb, He will never forget us because we are in His sight forever.

Consider, then, with what continual vigilance, unsleeping thought and all-powerful love the Almighty, who is the All-loving too, arranges each least detail of every instant of our lives. No matter in what circumstances we find ourselves at any moment, we may be sure that every aspect of our situation has been considered from all eternity by our Father who is in heaven, and approved or suffered to come to pass that He might test our love and experience our fidelity in just this combination of grace and difficulty, of encouragement and trial combined. It is God's will that shines from every circumstance about us. It is God's good pleasure that greets us at every turn of our lives. No aspect of any instant is too trivial to escape His vigilance. No point of our condition is too difficult or stubborn to be done away with, if He so pleases, by the strong right hand of His omnipotence.

It is quite useless then for us to wish that circumstances were ever so little different, or to desire ever so slight a change in the designs of God. The long preliminaries to our salvation are over. The stage of this

instant has been set from eternity. All heaven and earth have conspired together to give us this moment's opportunity. Through the long ages, God's will and the wills of men and the forces of blind matter have converged to furnish forth this breathless point of time to which an eternity has looked forward and to which an eternity will look back. In the midst of things as they are, our free will is summoned to show its love to God, its obedience to His law, its fidelity to the service of our neighbor for the love of God. We live in a fleeting instant, an indivisible moment of time. The past is utterly beyond our reach, the future utterly before it. It is quite impossible for us to act save in this flowing moment. In this precise and real instant of the moving "Now," our service must be rendered whose everlasting consequence runs swiftly from our instant of changing time and splashes and is congealed forever on the changeless shores of our eternity.

We must be content, therefore, and we should be filled with delight at all the circumstances which God has gathered together for our instant test of fidelity and love toward Him. Every detail of our present situation

should be dear to us because it shines with the evident markings of God's will. Many causes have conspired together, through the slow and gradual ages, to bring this present instant to pass, with all its wealth of trial and pain and joy and grace and opportunity. To no other creature but to you alone has God assigned this precise chance of honoring and serving, of loving and glorifying Him. You should embrace all that the instant offers, and strive to drain the last drop of grace and of merit which God has poured into the chalice of this moment and now holds forth to you with exceeding love and expectation.

What one may say of the exterior circumstances of life, one may repeat of all those singularities of disposition and interior trials which break the harmonious landscape of one's character with their rude and harsh and rocky contour. These also are allowed by God for our merit and perfection. In these also we must recognize the shining lineaments of His holy will. The anger that rises like a tide on little provocation, the sloth that weighs down the faculties of our soul, the selfishness that besets us and the pride that plagues us, all

these are merely so many opportunities of merit, so many calls to service. In the midst of these things as they are, God wills us to serve and honor Him. From each of us He requires a different character of service. To each He gives the allotted load of trials and imperfections. It is by taking things as they are, within and without us, and shaping them to God's will and service, that we shall make most profit of earth and merit most of heaven.

"May the most just, most high, and most lovable will of God be done, praised, and exalted forever!" "Thou art just, O Lord, and Thy judgments are right!" These and similar expressions should be often on our lips and deeply meant in our heart. The world as it is and our heart as it is, the grace which God gives us, the opportunities which He sends, all things as they are, declare this holy will. True, our own sins and the sins of other men and those of the fallen angels, have changed and marred the universe, and many of the trials and the obstacles in our path come from these sins. Yet God wills that even these trials and obstacles shall be for us occasions of greater merit, for it is one of His divine prerogatives to draw good

from evil. Even the temptations which our own past transgressions may occasion to us are opportunities of merit and of glory. We need only love God and be resigned to His will and all these things will work together for us unto justice.

These are consoling and stirring thoughts and they transform the face of the world. Possessed with these convictions we shall no longer trouble about changing the universe nor live in rosy anticipations of a personal holiness which lies somewhere east of the sun and west of the moon. The little circumstances of our daily lives will be for us incessant opportunities of merit. We will set courageously to work here and now to become holy. Then we shall realize the meaning of that saying, "To those that love God all things work together unto good." For we shall see the will of God and His vigilant love and providence, in each slight detail and changing circumstance, in each sorrow or delight, duty or chance or pain of things as they are.

COURAGE

THERE is one danger of the spiritual life concerning which not enough is said, one would think, either in books or in spiritual conferences. It is an insidious danger, which threatens those in particular who are getting on in life and experience, and which comes subtly and in disguise so that it is exceedingly difficult to detect and hard to fight against. The danger is—downheartedness. A high and noble courage which is proof against even our own weakness and wretchedness, a perseverance in effort and striving in spite of the most desperate discouragements, is an essential for reaching holiness. Without such a fine and strong temper of hopefulness and resolution, we shall never get by the dull days of spiritual languor or the fierce conflicts and apparent defeats which must come in the way of every pilgrim toward eternity.

The need and the preciousness of this strong determination, this continual hopefulness and high courage in the face of one's own shortcomings and of difficulties from

without and from within, are not always sufficiently realized even by those who are experienced in the ways of the spiritual life. It is such hope and courage which enable us to keep on steadfastly and to bear ourselves in the spiritual conflict with that perseverance and determination which are essential to every victory, whether of fleshly arms or of the spirit.

To most of those who sincerely set themselves to lead a holy life, there is a period which is generally known as the time of their conversion. This does not necessarily mean that they have turned away from paths of evil. It means that they have experienced a spiritual enlightening which makes them see the nothingness of life, the preciousness of eternity, and the single worth of following Christ Our Lord. They then resolve to choose a way of greater perfection and determine to give themselves to the following of Christ. With some, this period is the time of their religious vocation, and they definitely turn aside from their former way of living and enter upon the path of the counsels, taking the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. With others, who are not called to a religious life, or who for one reason or

other cannot follow that call, the time of their conversion is marked by the definite resolve to lead what is called a pious life, living for the next world rather than this, and fixing their eyes on loftier ideals and nobler purposes than are common to the rest of mankind. In whatever way it comes, this time of conversion is a period of enthusiasm and fervor. The hope of achieving personal holiness stirs the heart, and the example and the call of Christ move the will so that the one who experiences this new access of fervor forms lofty resolves and cherishes pure and noble hopes of becoming more perfect and like to Christ. Generally at this time God gives special graces which lift up and carry on the heart so that we are capable then of greater sacrifices and more definite and strong resolves than we had ever believed possible.

But this bright time passes. We are not always to be fed on the milk and honey of children, but must eat dry bread and walk through difficult ways. It is precisely after the flush of the first resolutions and the hope and fervor of the beginning have faded and the dawn has given place to the calm light of day and perhaps to the heat of noontime,

that we begin, half-consciously perhaps and slowly, to fall sick from the blight and plague of discouragement. The soul, intent on perfection, begins by making alarming discoveries concerning its own weakness and misery, and these discoveries, if not offset by the thought of God's goodness, power and mercy, tend to dishearten the eagerly-aspiring beginner.

The resolutions made in fervor now appear unpractical and incapable of accomplishment. The earnest and even desperate efforts at self-improvement and perfection, have seemed to produce so little result that the soul looks forward with dismay even to attempting the things which seemed before in the flush of fervor to be so practicable and easy. Then is the time when discouragement settles down like a heavy mist over the soul, chills the fine resolutions, freezes the earnest desire, and tempts the heart, which was intent on following Christ closely and in a glorious way, to settle down into an easy mediocrity and be satisfied with a bare minimum of spiritual accomplishment which would have seemed intolerably small in the first fervor of one's beginnings in perfection.

Now it is necessary to offset this temptation with a very strong and definite effort to keep up our courage and to strengthen our resolutions. We have before us the example of Our Lord Himself, who was the most courageous of men. Though Our Lord was God Himself, yet He came to earth clad in a human nature and as man He was to redeem mankind. It was a most difficult and ungrateful task. He was come to redeem a race which did not wish to be redeemed; to reform a world sunk in corruption. He had on His shoulders not the burden of one single imperfect human nature as have we, but of all humanity, which had stumbled and fallen and plunged into and was buried in sin. It required a courage beyond our conception to enable Him to take up this task at the will of His heavenly Father and to carry it on in spite of every obstacle. It was the agony of His task which brought the bloody sweat pouring from Him in the Garden of Olives, and it was the grief of it which broke His heart on the cross. Dull and insensible as we are to the horror of sin and its ingratitude, we can at least conjecture what courage was necessary for Our Lord when we consider

that all His life long He was face to face with all the sins of all time. He led what was apparently a most unsuccessful life. He was deserted and disappointed at last by all His friends save St. John and the Blessed Mother and the little group about the cross, and He died in the midst of what seemed to be the hugest failure and the most complete catastrophe that had ever ended a great career.

Yet His courage carried Him through unflinchingly and never failed even in the hour of His agony. He is, therefore, a supreme example of courage to us. He has, besides, won for us all necessary strength by His sufferings and has taken away the bitterness and shame of our weakness and misery by bearing them Himself beforehand. He assures us of the victory if only we will be brave enough to struggle on in His bloody footsteps.

The saints, and in particular the Blessed Mother, have given us also an example of this heroic and heavenly courage. After her blessed Son, no one had so much need of sublime bravery and unflinching resolution as the Mother of God. She was given the highest of all human offices and also the most

sorrowful. She was chosen to be the Mother of God and, therefore, was raised to the unthinkable and dizzy summit of all human dignity. But she was to be the Mother of a crucified Son and therefore she was doomed to explore the depths of human grief and suffering. Because she was so perfect, because every feeling of her heart was most sensible and right and keen, because she understood better than any other the malice of sin and the dignity of her Divine Son, and because she had the heart of a Mother raised to a sensibility and tenderness beyond what any of us can conceive, therefore she was capable of an extreme of agony which our dull feelings and weak affections cannot even faintly imagine.

She was to suffer the extreme torment of seeing her Divine Son, the most beautiful and holy of mankind, reduced to a degree of misery and sorrow beyond conceiving. She was to suffer far more in His person than it would have been possible for her to suffer for herself alone, because she loved her Son a great deal more than she loved herself. She was to behold this Divine Son leave her side to go through the agony of His public life when He was surrounded and shamed

by the malicious and wicked-hearted scribes and pharisees and doctors of the law; pressed about by sinners, wearied by the multitudes, vexed intolerably by the ignorance and weakness of His own apostles and disciples and in the end deserted by them all save a very few and subjected to unthinkable degradation, agony and rejection, to the passion and to His bitter death.

To stand beneath the cross looking upon her ruined and broken Son, dying for three hours in an agony of dereliction, required a courage beyond all our thought. That the Blessed Virgin bore all this willingly and without complaint, without fainting or denial, shows her to have been the bravest of women and second only in heroic courage to her Divine Son Himself.

Nor were the saints lacking in this heroic virtue. The courage which they showed in bearing their own weaknesses, overcoming temptations and inflicting on themselves the most excruciating penances while suffering long years of persecution from others, almost appals us when we gain some realization of their interior life.

They were indeed the champions of the cross. All of them went through some fiery

bath of suffering. While they persevered courageously in the regular practice of their pious duties, they were visited, many of them, with such interior dryness and desolation as seemed to wither the very fibers of their hearts. They had to endure discouragements from within and without, the persecution of friends, the hatred of the mistaken good folk about them, the torments of the devil and their own interior weaknesses. They fought through these trials—with tears and complaints, it may be, with agony and supplication—but they did find somehow the high courage to persevere until they came to the haven of rest and the crown of victory. Compared to their sufferings and struggles, what we shall have to endure in the way of affliction is light and easy. There is no comparison between our difficulties and theirs. Shall it be said that we have not been brave enough to bear our little burdens, when they won to heaven over such rough and steep ways and with such an intolerable load?

We should, therefore, strengthen ourselves with a constant determination to keep up a high courage and hopefulness in every phase of our spiritual life. We should examine ourselves as to how far we have

grown faint-hearted or are losing courage. We should fear with a hopeful and active fear to fall victims to spiritual discouragement. We should make an adamantine resolution, proof by God's grace against anything that may come to us, never to lose courage in the least but to walk on as cheerfully and to look as hopefully for the perfection of which we are in search, as we did when we first resolved closely to follow Our Lord.

It should be our desire also to encourage others and make them hopeful of better things. We can do great harm by giving people a low idea of their own capacity for goodness, as we sometimes do by slurs and captious criticisms. We can do immense good to them by letting them see what possibilites of well-doing are close before their feet. To show that we look for great things from others often gives them fresh strength and resolution. For ourselves and for others we should constantly pray and desire a great courage and high resolve never to cease or grow weary in the ways of God.

CELESTIAL COMPANY

IF ONLY we could all of us keep more in the company of the saints! There is no conceivable companionship so good for us as the companionship of heaven. It will be our everlasting felicity to associate in eternity with God-made-man, with His Blessed Mother and all the company of the angels and the saints, and then we shall enjoy that full and pure delight which comes from their converse and their friendship.

But how many of us do not realize that even in this world, with all the limitations that surround us, it is still greatly possible for us to enjoy very much of the company of the saints, and that nothing can be more delightful and profitable for us than associating much with them. How is this to be done? For it seems to us that the saints are hopelessly removed from us. They lived and have died, some of them ages ago, some of them almost yesterday, but however near or remote their death has been they are still cut off from us by impassa-

ble barriers of time and place. They lived in other lands and in other periods of history, and how is it possible for us, now that they are dead and gone to heaven, to have them keep us company? How can we converse with them and hear what they say to us? How can we experience the delights of being with them and sharing in the sweet enthusiasms, the transports of love of God and His mother, and the clear, pure heights of self-sacrifice and holiness in which they live? All this is not impossible, nor as difficult as it seems. We can still live with the saints in memory, hope and love, and enjoy their celestial company with no great difficulty and with extreme delight.

The first requisite for enjoying the familiar company of the saints with all its benefits, is that we should make a practice of reading their blessed lives. The biography of the saints is very rich and various, much more so than we dream. Their letters have been kept with the greatest care, and the traits of their lives and characters have been sketched with extreme fidelity. Whole libraries are filled with these books, which contain the most glorious records of our humanity. The heroic annals of God's champions record

the most splendid achievements to which human nature has ever attained. Reading such books one grows familiar with the possibilities of our human nature for goodness and for holiness. The long course of history, so dark in many ways, and so full of human crime and wickedness, is relieved and lit up by these bright annals of the saints. The extreme variety of their characters and achievements almost startles us as we read. Some of them were little and obscure during all their lives, and only their death revealed through God's special providence, the secret of their sanctity. Others were men and women of great rank and station, held splendid places in the chronicles of their time and powerfully affected the destinies of peoples and nations. Some were blessed with the greatest talents, and shone almost as much by their genius and their wisdom as by the love of God and their neighbor. Others were unlearned and simple, and their one claim to greatness is their great sanctity. Some sought solitude, so that they might work out more faithfully the inspirations of God. Others lived the heroic life of patience and self-denial and charity, in the midst of the courts of kings. The immense variety of

their characters, the various ways in which they were led by Divine Providence, the extreme difference of their ways of acting, and their achievements, make their lives the more interesting, while at the same time one always sees the same love of God, the same charity toward the neighbor, the recurring traits of self-sacrifice, the purity, the self-devotion, which are the essence of their sanctity.

Reading such books, one grows in time into a personal friendship with the saints. They become as real to us as our daily associates and indeed much better known to us. It is often hard for us to know those we deal with, but the saints, transparent in their motives, candid and sincere in all they said and did, open their hearts to us in their letters and in their biographies, and they speak to us more truly and eloquently from books than living persons do in our daily intercourse with them.

As one reads the lives of the saints one gradually grows intimate with their motives and the springs of their actions, and so one can readily conjecture what they thought and felt and intended in some thrilling passage of their experience. This is the more easy,

because all they do and say is motived by charity, and because it is the love of God and their neighbor which is the simple and sufficient motive of their thoughts and words and acts. What an extreme pleasure to grow so familiar with the saints, to live in daily intercourse with them, to think their thoughts, live over again their holy actions, have always before us their glorious examples! But this is not the only benefit we obtain from the company of the saints. In becoming familiar with them we also learn a great deal about the times in which they lived, the different periods of the Church, the history of governments and nations, and, above all, the development and course of the people among whom they dwelt and from whom they have sprung.

It is rather a recent phase of historical study to seek to know the people rather than their rulers, to understand the currents of ordinary life through history, rather than to abandon oneself entirely to the exploits of kings and to the wars and treaties which engaged them.

But the lives of the saints are the chronicles of the Catholic people, because they sprang from the people, were intimately as-

sociated with the people, and because their sentiments and ways are often strongly characteristic of those among whom they live. Thus in reading the lives of the saints one acquires a great fund of human experience, gains prudence from their example, and learns how great enterprises are begun, and how great designs are brought to success. One might cite many examples of this.

Thus, in studying the life of St. Augustine one learns more than most histories tell of the eventful time in which the life of the Roman Empire was breaking down under the blows of the barbarian, as they hemmed about the old civilization on every side.

In the life of St. Louis of France one sees the feudal system at its best, the power of a good king and the majesty of a great nation being welded together by a wise and potent ruler. One sees, too, the splendid achievements of the Crusaders, until one comes to that moving and thrilling sacrifice of liberty, and even life itself, which the true Christian was ever willing to offer as his part toward the redemption of his Saviour's sepulchre.

In the days of St. Vincent de Paul one sees the glory and pomp of a great monarchy

swaying the world by ideas no less than by diplomacy. In the life of this holy man one perceives, too, the better and holier life which was to redeem that worldly age. One sees the beginnings of modern charities grow under his hand, the orphanages, the asylums, the works of pity and mercy, which were to bless the slums of cities and the penury of country places, and to form the glory of the charity of succeeding centuries.

But most precious of all the results of the frequent reading of the lives of the saints is that their example will make us also heavenly-minded. This is a distracted and worldly age. We do not realize ourselves how much the stir and confusion, the interest and variety of every-day life nowadays distracts our heart and takes our thoughts from God and from heaven. The great danger of worldliness is that it is a sweet enemy, a tempting aggressor. It steals our heart and mind away, without our being sensible of the loss. Earthly motives, selfish considerations, thoughts and sights which are of the earth, earthy, ideas and speculations which pertain only to time and are connected with our interest and enjoyment, gradually wean the heart from the consideration of

heavenly things and from the thought of God and of eternity.

We need an antidote, therefore, to all, let us repeat it again, this distraction and confusion. We need some means of turning our minds and hearts away from this earth and helping them to ascend toward heaven. Few means are more powerful than the frequent reading of the lives of the saints. The example which these heroes of God give us of self-denial, patience in affliction, contempt of the world and an immense desire to suffer for God's sake and for His love, produces a deep impression on our memory, our imagination and our intelligence. In this way we gradually become more detached from the earth. Our heart grows more fixed on heavenly things. One can easily understand the significance of that often repeated story of St. Francis de Sales that he always preferred to read books whose authors' names began with the letter S—he means those written by the saints. These books have immense authority and are more moving than books written by men and women not so united with God or not intent on eternal interests.

If this is true of the writings of the saints,

it is also true of their lives when these are faithfully recorded, because the lives of the saints are their greatest work, their most sublime achievement, the most splendid of all books, the volumes which contain saintly thoughts and words and deeds the most gloriously detailed. What wonder, therefore, that the saints themselves loved nothing so much as to read the lives of saints, and that many of them owed their first conversion and the beginning of their fervor to the frequent perusal of those lives.

Every one remembers that classic instance of St. Ignatius, who was a worldly young man in his early years. Stricken down by a providential cannon-ball at the siege of Pampeluna, he was compelled to pass weary days on his couch, waiting for the wound to heal, and he called for some romances to help pass the tedious hours. They brought him the life of Christ and the lives of the saints, which were happily the only things in his ancestral library. At first he read them with great distaste, but after a while he saw the glory and the splendor of sainthood and cried out, "Dominic has done this, Francis has done it. Why should not I also achieve a similar holiness?" It was the beginning

of that life of splendid sanctity which gave the Church a saint and after ages the Company of Jesus. So has many a one been turned from worldly dreams and pursuits to serve and love God heroically by reading of the life of a saint.

It sometimes happens, and not without reason, that the lives of the saints are difficult of perusal. "They are dry," say some. "They exaggerate," say others. "They do not show enough of the human side of the saint. They make him or her an impossibly perfect person, and cover up all the little faults and petty trials which it would give ordinary human beings some comfort and encouragement to hear about." These are objections to be sure. Lives of the saints, are, I must confess, imperfect. But so is everything else in this world. One can afford to overlook their imperfections for the sake of the great good they bring us.

There is a notable improvement of late years in the way in which lives of the saints are written. The style of writing changes to suit the changing age. The marvels and the miracles in their careers are not so exclusively emphasized, we might say, as of old.

These lives are more pleasant to read, and perhaps more profitable too. Yet no chronicle which truly depicts the words and the deeds of God's heroes should be uninteresting to us. "All sermons are good," a pious soul used to say; "one can get something out of every sermon." So we may say, all lives of the saints are good; one can get some benefit from them all.

It is an excellent counsel, then, to all those who wish to go forward in God's service, frequently to read the lives of the saints, and to form a habit of taking up at some particular time of the day, as we have suggested in another chapter, one of these books which help us forward so powerfully on the way to heaven. If we form the habit, it will grow and increase with us as life goes on. We shall grow so accustomed to the company of the saints and delight so much in their society that we shall feel lost unless we feed our mind and heart on these chronicles. When this time comes we shall have our feet firmly set on the way to sanctity. "Tell me your company," says the old adage, "and I will tell you what you are." There is no company so sacred or potent for good, so

powerful against evil, which brings so great blessings for us, so many benefits and riches to our mind and heart, as the constant friendship of God's saints.

PRINTED BY BENZIGER BROTHERS, NEW YORK

BOOKS OF DOCTRINE, INSTRUCTION, DEVOTION, MEDITATION, BIOGRAPHY, NOVELS, JUVENILES, ETC.

PUBLISHED BY

BENZIGER BROTHERS

CINCINNATI	NEW YORK	CHICAGO
343 MAIN ST.	36–38 BARCLAY ST.	205–207 W. WASHINGTON ST.

Books not marked *net* will be sent postpaid on receipt of the advertised price. Books marked *net* are such where ten per cent must be added for postage. Thus a book advertised at *net* $1.00 will be sent postpaid on receipt of $1.10.

I. INSTRUCTION, DOCTRINE, APOLOGETICS, CONTROVERSY, EDUCATIONAL

AMERICAN PRIEST, THE. SCHMIDT. *net*, $1.50.

ANECDOTES AND EXAMPLES ILLUSTRATING THE CATHOLIC CATECHISM. SPIRAGO. *net*, $2.75.

ART OF PROFITING BY OUR FAULTS. TISSOT. *net*, $0.75.

BOY SAVERS' GUIDE. QUIN, S.J. *net*, $2.50.

CATECHISM EXPLAINED, THE. SPIRAGO-CLARKE. *net*, $3.75.

CATHOLIC AMERICAN, THE. SCHMIDT. *net*, $1.50.

CATHOLIC BELIEF. FAÀ DI BRUNO. Paper, $0.25; cloth, *net*, $0.90.

CATHOLIC CEREMONIES AND EXPLANATION OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. DURAND. Paper, $0.25; cloth, *net*, $0.90.

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL. Retail $0.25; postpaid, $0.29.

CATHOLIC PRACTICE AT CHURCH AND AT HOME. KLAUDER. Paper, *$0.45; cloth, *net*, $0.90.

CATHOLIC'S READY ANSWER, THE. HILL, S.J. *net*, $2.00.

CATHOLIC'S WORK IN THE WORLD. HUSSLEIN, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

CEREMONIAL FOR ALTAR BOYS. BRITT, O.S.B. *net*, $0.60.

CHARACTERISTICS AND RELIGION OF MODERN SOCIALISM. MING, S.J. 12mo. *net*, $2.50.

CHILD PREPARED FOR FIRST COMMUNION. ZULUETA, Pap., *$0.08.

CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS. DEVIVIER–MESSMER. *net*, $3.50.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION. O'CONNELL. *net*, $1.00.

CHRISTIAN FATHER. CRAMER. *net*, $0.85.

CHRISTIAN MOTHER. CRAMER. *net*, $0.85.

CHURCH AND THE PROBLEMS OF TODAY, THE. SCHMIDT. *net*, $1.50.

CORRECT THING FOR CATHOLICS. BUGG. *net*, $1.25.

DIVINE GRACE. WIRTH. *net*, $1.25

EDUCATION OF OUR GIRLS. SHIELDS. *net*, $1.50.

EXPLANATION OF BIBLE HISTORY. NASH. *net*, $2.50.

EXPLANATION OF CATHOLIC MORALS. STAPLETON. *net*, $1.25.

EXPLANATION OF THE BALTIMORE CATECHISM. KINKEAD. *net*, ¶$1.50.

EXPLANATION OF THE COMMANDMENTS. ROLFUS. *net*, $0.90.

EXPLANATION OF THE CREED. ROLFUS. *net*, $0.90.

EXPLANATION OF GOSPELS AND OF CATHOLIC WORSHIP. LAMBERT-BRENNAN. Paper, $0.25; cloth, *net*, $0.90.

EXPLANATION OF THE MASS. COCHEM. *net*, $1.25.

EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENTS. ROLFUS. *net*, $0.90.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRAYERS AND CEREMONIES OF THE MASS. LANSLOTS, O.S.B. *net*, $1.25.

EXPLANATION OF THE SALVE REGINA. ST. ALPHONSUS. *net*, $1.25.

EXTREME UNCTION. Paper, *$0.12.
FOLLOWING OF CHRIST, THE. Plain edition. With reflections. $0.50.
FOUNDATION OF TRUE MORALITY. SLATER, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
FUNDAMENTALS OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. SCHLEUTER, S.J. *n*, $0.75.
FUTURE LIFE, THE. SASIA, S.J. *net*, $3.00.
GENERAL CONFESSION MADE EASY. KONINGS, C.SS.R. Cloth, *$0.25.
GENTLEMAN, A. EGAN. *net*, $1.25.
GIFT OF THE KING. By a Religious. *net*, $0.60.
GLORIES AND TRIUMPHS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. *net*, $3.50.
GOD, CHRIST, AND THE CHURCH. HAMMER, O.F.M. *net*, $3.50.
GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS ON THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND HOLY-DAYS. *net*, $1.75.
GREAT ENCYCLICAL LETTERS OF POPE LEO XIII. *net*, $3.50.
GUIDE FOR SACRISTANS. *net*, $1.50.
HANDBOOK OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. WILMERS, S.J. *n*, ¶$2.50.
HEAVEN OPEN TO SOULS. SEMPLE, S.J. *net*, $2.75.
HOME WORLD, THE. DOYLE, S.J. Paper, $0.25; cloth, *net*, $1.25.
HOW TO COMFORT THE SICK. KREBS, C.SS.R. *net*, $1.25.
HOW TO MAKE THE MISSION. By a Dominican Father. Paper, *$0.12.
INSTRUCTIONS ON THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD AND THE SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH. ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. *net*, $0.85.
INTRODUCTION TO A DEVOUT LIFE. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. *net*, $1.00.
LADY, A. BUGG. *net*, $1.25.
LAWS OF THE KING. By a Religious. *net*, $0.60.
LESSONS OF THE SAVIOUR. By a Religious. *net*, $0.60.
LITTLE ALTAR BOY'S MANUAL. $0.50.
MANUAL OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE AND CHRISTIAN PERFECTION, A. HENRY, C.SS.R. *net*, $0.75.
MANUAL OF THEOLOGY FOR THE LAITY. GEIERMANN, C.SS.R. Paper, *$0.45; cloth, *net*, $0.90.
MASS AND VESTMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. WALSH, *net*, $3.00.
MASS-SERVER'S CARD. Per doz. *net*, $0.50.
MORALITY OF MODERN SOCIALISM. MING, S.J. *net*, $2.50.
NARROW WAY, THE. GEIERMANN, C.SS.R. *net*, $0.90.
OUT TO WIN. Straight Talks to Boys on the Way to Manhood. CONROY, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
PASTORAL LETTERS. MCFAUL. *net*, $2.50.
PRINCIPAL CATHOLIC PRACTICES. SCHMIDT. *net*, $1.50.
PRODIGAL SON, THE. MÜLLER, C.SS.R. *net*, ||$2.00.
QUEEN'S FESTIVALS, THE. By a Religious. *net*, $0.60.
REASONABLENESS OF CATHOLIC CEREMONIES AND PRACTICES. BURKE. *net*, $0.75.
RELIGIOUS STATE, THE. ST. ALPHONSUS. *net*. $0.75.
SACRAMENTALS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH. LAMBING. Paper, $0.25; Cloth, *net*, $0.90.
SCAPULAR MEDAL, THE. GEIERMANN, C.SS.R. Paper, *$0.08.
SHORT CONFERENCES ON THE SACRED HEART. BRINKMEYER. *net*, $1.25.
SHORT COURSE IN CATHOLIC DOCTRINE. Paper, *$0.12.
SHORT STORIES ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. *net*, $1.75.
SOCIALISM: ITS THEORETICAL BASIS AND PRACTICAL APPLICATION. CATHREIN - GETTELMAN. *net*, $2.75.
SOCIAL ORGANIZATION IN PARISHES. GARESCHÉ, S. J. *net*, $2.75.
SPIRITUAL PEPPER AND SALT. STANG. Paper, *$0.45; cloth, *net*, $0.90.
STORIES OF THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD. By a Religious. *n*, $0.60.
STORY OF THE FRIENDS OF JESUS. By a Religious. *net*, $0.60.
SUNDAY-SCHOOL DIRECTOR'S GUIDE. SLOAN. *net*, $1.50.
SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S GUIDE. SLOAN. *net*, $1.25.
SURE WAY TO A HAPPY MARRIAGE. TAYLOR. *net*, $0.85.
TALKS TO NURSES. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
TALKS TO PARENTS. CONROY, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
TALKS WITH THE LITTLE ONES ABOUT THE APOSTLES' CREED. By a Religious. *net*, $0.60.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN AND OF GIRLS IN THEIR TEENS. Cecilia. *net*, $1.25.

TRUE POLITENESS. Demore. *net*, $1.25.

VOCATION. Van Tricht-Conniff. Paper, *$0.12.

VOCATIONS EXPLAINED. Cut flush, *$0.12.

WAY OF INTERIOR PEACE. de Lehen, S.J. *net*, $2.25.

WHAT THE CHURCH TEACHES. Drury. Paper, *$0.45; cloth, *net*, $0.90.

WHAT TIMES! WHAT MORALS! Semple, S.J. Cloth, *net*, $0.75.

II. DEVOTION, MEDITATION, SPIRITUAL READING, PRAYER-BOOKS

ABANDONMENT; or Absolute Surrender of Self to Divine Providence. Caussade, S.J. *net*, $0.75.

ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. Tesniere. *net*, $1.25.

BLESSED SACRAMENT BOOK. Prayer-Book by Father Lasance. Im. leather. $2.25.

BLOSSOMS OF THE CROSS. Giehrl. *net*, $1.75.

BOOK OF THE PROFESSED. 3 vols. Each, *net*, $1.25.

BREAD OF LIFE, THE. William. *net*, $1.35.

CATHOLIC GIRL'S GUIDE, THE. Prayer-Book by Father Lasance. Seal grain cloth, stiff covers, red edges, $1.25. Im. leather, limp, red edges, $1.50; gold edges, $2.00. Real leather, limp, gold edges, $2.50.

CHARACTERISTICS OF TRUE DEVOTION. Grou, S.J. *net*, $1.00.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Nolden, S.J. *net*, $1.75.

DEVOTIONS AND PRAYERS BY ST. ALPHONSUS. Ward. *net*, $1.50.

DEVOTIONS AND PRAYERS FOR THE SICK ROOM. Krebs. *n*, $1.25.

DEVOTIONS TO THE SACRED HEART FOR THE FIRST FRIDAY OF EVERY MONTH. Huguet. *net*, $0.75.

DOMINICAN MISSION BOOK. By a Dominican Father. $1.00.

EPITOME OF THE PRIESTLY LIFE, AN. Arvisenet.–O'Sullivan. *net*, $2.50.

EUCHARISTIC LILIES. Maery. *net*, $1.50.

EUCHARISTIC SOUL ELEVATIONS. Stadelman, C.S.Sp. *net*, $0.60.

FIRST SPIRITUAL AID TO THE SICK. McGrath. *net*, $0.60.

FLOWERS OF THE CLOISTER. Poems. de La Motte. *net*, $1.75.

FOR FREQUENT COMMUNICANTS. Roche, S.J. Paper, *0.12.

GLORIES OF MARY. St. Alphonsus. *net*, $1.75.

GLORIES OF THE SACRED HEART. Hausherr S.J. *net*, $1.75.

GREETINGS TO THE CHRIST-CHILD. Poems. *net*, $1.00.

HELP FOR THE POOR SOULS. Ackermann. $0.90.

HELPS TO A SPIRITUAL LIFE. Schneider. *net*, $1.25.

HIDDEN TREASURE, THE. St. Leonard. *net*, $0.75.

HOLY HOUR, THE. Keiley. 16mo, *$0.12.

HOLY HOUR OF ADORATION. Stang. *net*, $0.90.

HOLY VIATICUM OF LIFE AS OF DEATH. Dever. *net*, $1.25.

IMITATION OF THE SACRED HEART. Arnoudt. *net*, $1.75.

IN HEAVEN WE KNOW OUR OWN. Blot, S.J. *net*, $0.75.

INTERIOR OF JESUS AND MARY. Grou, S.J. 2 vols. *net*. $3.00.

JESUS CHRIST, THE KING OF OUR HEARTS. Lepicier, O.S.M. *net*, $1.50.

LIFE'S LESSONS. Garesché, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

LITTLE ALTAR BOYS' MANUAL $0.50.

LITTLE COMMUNICANTS' PRAYER-BOOK. Sloan. $0.25.

LITTLE MANUAL OF ST ANTHONY. Lasance. *net*, $0.25.

LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. JOSEPH. Lings. *net*, $0.25.

LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. RITA. McGrath. $0.90.

LITTLE MASS BOOK, THE. Lynch. Paper, *$0.08.

LITTLE MONTH OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY. *net*, $0.60.

LITTLE OFFICE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. In Latin and English, *net*, $1.50; in Latin only, *net*, $1.25.

LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Paper, *$0.08.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Vest-pocket Edition. A little Book of Prayer for Men and Women. By Rev. F. X. Lasance, Oblong, 32mo. $0.50.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. A Book of Prayer for Men and Women. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Extra Large Type Edition, 544 pages, 16mo. $1.50.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Prayer-Book by Rev. F. X. Lasance. Thin Edition. Im. leather. $1.10.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Prayer-Book. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Thin Edition with Epistles and Gospels. $1.50.

MANUAL OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST. Lasance. Imitation leather, limp, red edges, *net*, $1.25.

MANUAL OF THE HOLY NAME, $0.75.

MANUAL OF THE SACRED HEART, NEW, $1.50.

MANUAL OF ST. ANTHONY, *net*, $0.90.

MARIÆ COROLLA. Poems. Hill, C.P. *net*, $1.75.

MARY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS. Hammer, O.F.M., *net*, $3.50.

MASS DEVOTIONS AND READINGS ON THE MASS. Lasance. Im. leather, limp, red edges, *net*, $1.25

MEANS OF GRACE. Brennan. *net*, $5.00.

MEDITATIONS FOR ALL THE DAYS OF THE YEAR. Hamon, S.S. 5 vols., *net*, $8.75.

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH. Nepveu, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Baxter, S.J. *net*, $2.00

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR ON THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. Vercruysse, S.J. 2 vols. *net*, $4.50.

MEDITATIONS FOR THE USE OF THE SECULAR CLERGY. Chaignon, S.J. 2 vols. *net*, $7.00.

MEDITATIONS FOR THE USE OF SEMINARIANS AND PRIESTS. Vol. I: Fundamental Truths. Vol. II: Christian Virtues. Vol. III: Priestly Life. Vols. IV and V: Liturgical Year. Vol. VI: The Blessed Virgin. The Saints. By Very Rev. L. Branchereau, SS. Each, *net*, ||$1.25.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LAST WORDS FROM THE CROSS. Perraud. *net*, ||$1.00.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE THE TEACHING AND THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST. Ilg-Clarke. 2 vols. *net*, $5.00.

MEDITATIONS ON THE MYSTERIES OF OUR HOLY FAITH. Barraud, S.J. 2 vols., *net*, $4.50.

MEDITATIONS ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD. *net*, $0.85.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS CHRIST. Perinaldo. *net*, $1.25.

MISSION-BOOK OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS. $0.90.

MISSION BOOK FOR THE MARRIED. Girardey, C.SS.R. $0.90.

MISSION BOOK FOR THE SINGLE. Girardey, C.SS.R. $0.90.

MISSION REMEMBRANCE OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS. Geiermann, C.SS.R. $0.90.

MOMENTS BEFORE THE TABERNACLE. Russell, S.J. *net*, $0.60.

MORE SHORT SPIRITUAL READINGS FOR MARY'S CHILDREN. Cecilia. *net*, $1.25.

MOST BELOVED WOMAN, THE. Garesché, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

MY PRAYER-BOOK. Happiness in Goodness. Reflections, Counsels, Prayers, and Devotions. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. 16mo. Seal grain cloth, stiff covers, square corners, red edges, $1.25. Imitation leather, limp, round corners, red edges. $1.50; gold edges, $2.00. Real Leather, limp, round corners, gold edges, $2.50.

NEW MISSAL FOR EVERY DAY, THE. Complete Missal in English for Every Day in the Year. With Introduction Notes, and a Book of Prayer. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Oblong, 32mo., Im. leather. $2.25.

NEW TESTAMENT. 12mo edition. Large type. Cloth, *net*, $1.75; 32mo edition. Flexible cloth, *net*, $0.45.; Stiff cloth, *net*, $0.80; Amer. seal, gold edges, *net*, $1.35.

NEW TESTAMENT AND CATHOLIC PRAYER-BOOK COMBINED. *net*, $0.85.

OFFICE OF HOLY WEEK, COMPLETE. Latin and English. Cut flush, *net*, $0.40; silk cloth, *net*, $0.60; Am. seal, red edges, *net*, $1.25; Am. seal, gold edges, *net*, $1.50.

OUR FAVORITE DEVOTIONS. LINGS. *net*, $1.00.

OUR FAVORITE NOVENAS. LINGS. *net*, $1.00.

OUTLINE MEDITATIONS. CECILIA. *net*, $1.75.

PATHS OF GOODNESS, THE. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

POCKET PRAYER-BOOK. Cloth. *net*, $0.25.

POLICEMEN'S AND FIREMEN'S COMPANION. MCGRATH. $0.35.

PRAYER-BOOK FOR RELIGIOUS. LASANCE. 16mo. Imitation leather, limp, red edges, *net*, $2.00.

PRAYERS FOR OUR DEAD. MCGRATH. Cloth, $0.35; im. leather, $0.75.

PRISONER OF LOVE. Prayer-Book by FATHER LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges, $1.50.

PRIVATE RETREAT FOR RELIGIOUS. GEIERMANN, C.SS.R. *net*, $2.50.

REFLECTIONS FOR RELIGIOUS. LASANCE. *net*, $2.00.

REJOICE IN THE LORD. Prayer-Book by FATHER LASANCE. $1.75.

ROSARY, THE CROWN OF MARY. By a Dominican Father. 16mo, paper *$0.12.

RULES OF LIFE FOR THE PASTOR OF SOULS. SLATER-RAUCH. *net*, $1.50.

SACRED HEART BOOK. Prayer-Book by FATHER LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges, $1.25.

SACRED HEART STUDIED IN THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. SAINTRAIN. *net*, $1.25.

SACRIFICE OF THE MASS WORTHILY CELEBRATED. CHAIGNON, S.J. *net*, $2.75.

SECRET OF SANCTITY. CRASSET, S.J. *net*, $1.00.

SERAPHIC GUIDE, THE. $1.25.

SHORT MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY. LASAUSSE. *net*, $1.25.

SHORT VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. LASANCE. *net*, $0.25.

SODALIST'S VADE MECUM, *net*, $0.90.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' COMPANION. MCGRATH. Vest-pocket shape, silk cloth or khaki. $0.35.

SOUVENIR OF THE NOVITIATE. TAYLOR. *net*, $0.85.

SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE, THE, AND THE LIFE OF SACRIFICE IN THE RELIGIOUS STATE. GIRAUD. *net*, $3.00.

SPIRITUAL CONSIDERATIONS. BUCKLER, O.P. *net*, $1.25.

SPOILING THE DIVINE FEAST. DE ZULUETA, S.J. Paper, *$0.08;

STORIES FOR FIRST COMMUNICANTS. KELLER. *net*, $0.60.

SUNDAY MISSAL, THE. LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges, $1.50.

THINGS IMMORTAL, THE. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

THOUGHTS ON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges, *net*, $2.00..

THOUGHTS AND AFFECTIONS ON THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR. BERGAMO. *net*, $3.25.

TRUE SPOUSE OF CHRIST. LIGUORI. *net*, $1.75.

VENERATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. ROHNER-BRENNAN. *net*, $1.25.

VIGIL HOUR, THE. RYAN, S.J. Paper, *$0.12.

VISITS TO JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE. LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges, $1.75.

VISITS TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT. LIGUORI. *net*, $0.90.

WAY OF THE CROSS. Paper, *$0.08.

WAY OF THE CROSS. Illustrated. Method of St. Alphonsus Liguori. *$0.25.

WAY OF THE CROSS, THE. Very large-type edition. Method of ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. *$0.25.

WAY OF THE CROSS. Eucharistic method. *$0.25.

WAY OF THE CROSS. By a Jesuit Father. *$0.25.

WAY OF THE CROSS. Method of ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. *$0.25.

WITH GOD. Prayer-Book by FATHER LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges, $1.75.

YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE, THE. Prayer-Book by FATHER LASANCE. Seal grain cloth, stiff covers, red edges, $1.25. Im. leather, limp, red edges, $1.50; gold edges, $2.00.

YOUR INTERESTS ETERNAL. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

YOUR NEIGHBOR AND YOU. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

YOUR OWN HEART. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

YOUR SOUL'S SALVATION. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

III. THEOLOGY, LITURGY, HOLY SCRIPTURE, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, CANON LAW

ALTAR PRAYERS. Edition A: English and Latin, *net*, $1.75. Edition B: German-English-Latin, *net*, $2.00.

ANNOUNCEMENT BOOK. 12mo. *net*, $3.00.

BAPTISMAL RITUAL. 12mo. *net* $1.50.

BENEDICENDA. SCHULTE. *net*, $2.75.

BURIAL RITUAL. Cloth, *net*, $2.50; sheepskin, *net*, $3.75.

CASES OF CONSCIENCE. SLATER, S.J. 2 vols. *net*, $6.00.

CHRIST'S TEACHING CONCERNING DIVORCE. GIGOT. *net*, ¶$2.75.

CLERGYMAN'S HANDBOOK OF LAW. SCANLON. *net*, $2.25.

COMBINATION RECORD FOR SMALL PARISHES. *net*, $8.00.

COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS. BERRY. *net*, $3.50.

COMPENDIUM SACRÆ LITURGIÆ. WAPELHORST, O.F.M. *net*, ¶$3.00.

ECCLESIASTICAL DICTIONARY. THEIN. 4to, half mor. *net*, $6.50.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. GIGOT. *net*, ¶$4.00.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Abridged edition. GIGOT. *net*, ¶$2.75.

HOLY BIBLE, THE. Large type, handy size. Cloth, $1.50.

JESUS LIVING IN THE PRIEST. MILLET, S.J.-BYRNE. *net*, $3.25.

LIBER STATUS ANIMARUM, or Parish Census Book. Large edition, size, 14 x 10 inches. 100 Families. 200 pp., half leather, *net*, $7.00; 200 Families. 400 pp. half leather, *net*, $8.00; Pocket Edition. *net*, $0.50.

MANUAL OF HOMILETICS AND CATECHETICS. SCHUECH-LUEBERMANN. *net*, $2.25.

MANUAL OF MORAL THEOLOGY. SLATER, S.J. 2 vols. *net*, $8.00.

MARRIAGE LEGISLATION IN THE NEW CODE. AYRINHAC, S.S. *net*, $2.50.

MARRIAGE RITUAL. Cloth, gilt edges, *net*, $2.50; sheepskin, gilt edges, *net*, $3.75.

MESSAGE OF MOSES AND MODERN HIGHER CRITICISM. GIGOT. Paper. *net*, ¶$0.15.

MISSALE ROMANUM. Benziger Brothers' Authorized Vatican Edition. Black or Red Amer. morocco, gold edges, *net*, $15.00; Red Amer. morocco gold stamping and edges, *net*, $17.50. Red finest quality morocco, red under gold edges, *net*, $22.00.

MORAL PRINCIPLES AND MEDICAL PRACTICE. COPPENS, S.J.-SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $2.50.

OUTLINES OF NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. GIGOT. *net*, ¶$2.75.

PENAL LEGISLATION IN THE NEW CODE OF CANON LAW. AYRINHAC, S.S. *net*, $3.00.

PEW COLLECTION AND RECEIPT BOOK. Indexed. 11×8 inches. *net*, $3.00.

PHILOSOPHIA MORALI, DE. RUSSO, S.J. Half leather, *net*, $2.75.

PREPARATION FOR MARRIAGE. MCHUGH, O.P. *net*, $0.60.

PRAXIS SYNODALIS. Manuale Synodi Diocesanæ ac Provincialis Celebrandæ. *net*, $1.00.

QUESTIONS OF MORAL THEOLOGY. SLATER, S.J. *net*, $3.00.

RECORD OF BAPTISMS. 200 pages, 700 entries, *net*, $7.00. 400 pages, 1400 entries, *net*, $9.00. 600 pages, 2100 entries, *net*, $12.00.

RECORD OF CONFIRMATIONS. *net*, $6.00.

RECORD OF FIRST COMMUNIONS. *net*, $6.00.

RECORD OF INTERMENTS. *net*, $6.00.

RECORD OF MARRIAGES. Size 14×10 inches. 200 pages, 700 entries, *net*, $7.00. 400 pages, 1400 entries, *net*, $9.00. 600 pages, 2100 entries, *net*, $12.00.

RITUALE COMPENDIOSUM. Cloth, *net*, $1.25; seal, *net*, $2.00.

SHORT HISTORY OF MORAL THEOLOGY. SLATER, S.J. *net*, $0.75.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. GIGOT. Part I. *net*, ¶$2.75. Part II, *net*, ¶$3.25.

SPIRAGO'S METHOD OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. MESSMER. *net*, $2.50.

TEXTUAL CONCORDANCE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. WILLIAMS. *net*, $5.75.

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR SCIENCE. BRENNAN. *net*, $1.50.

IV. SERMONS

CHRISTIAN MYSTERIES. BONOMELLI, D.D.-BYRNE. 4 vols., *net*, $9.00.

EIGHT-MINUTE SERMONS. DEMOUY. 2 vols., *net*, $4.00.

HOMILIES ON THE COMMON OF SAINTS. BONOMELLI-BYRNE. 2 vols., *net*, $4.50.

HOMILIES ON THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS. BONOMELLI-BYRNE. 4 vols., *net*, $9.00.

MASTER'S WORD, THE, IN THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS. FLYNN. 2 vols., *net*, $4.00.

POPULAR SERMONS ON THE CATECHISM. BAMBERG-THURSTON, S.J. 3 vols., *net*, $8.50.

SERMONS. CANON SHEEHAN. *net*, $3.00.

SERMONS FOR CHILDREN'S MASSES. FRASSINETTI-LINGS. *net*, $2.50.

SERMONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. POTTGEISSER, S.J. 2 vols., *net*, $5.00.

SERMONS ON OUR BLESSED LADY. FLYNN. *net*, $2.50.

SERMONS ON THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. SCHEURER-LASANCE. *net*, $2.50.

SERMONS ON THE CHIEF CHRISTIAN VIRTUES. HUNOLT-WIRTH. *net*, $2.75.

SERMONS ON THE DUTIES OF CHRISTIANS. HUNOLT-WIRTH. *net*, $2.75.

SERMONS ON THE FOUR LAST THINGS. HUNOLT-WIRTH. *net*, $2.75.

SERMONS ON THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS. HUNOLT-WIRTH. *net*, $2.75.

SERMONS ON THE VIRTUE AND THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE. HUNOLT-WIRTH. *net*, $2.75.

SERMONS ON THE MASS, THE SACRAMENTS AND THE SACRAMENTALS. FLYNN. *net*, $2.75.

V. HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, HAGIOLOGY, TRAVEL

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. O'CONNOR, S.J. *net*, $1.75.

CAMILLUS DE LELLIS. By a SISTER OF MERCY. *net*, $1.75.

CHILD'S LIFE OF ST. JOAN OF ARC. MANNIX. *net*, $1.50.

GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES. BURNS, C.S.C. *net*, $2.50.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. BRUECK. 2 vols., *net*, $5.50.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. BUSINGER-BRENNAN. *net*, $3.50.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. BUSINGER-BRENNAN. *net*, ¶$0.75.

HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION. COBBETT-GASQUET. *net*, $1.25.

HISTORY OF THE MASS. O'BRIEN. *net*, $2.00.

HOLINESS OF THE CHURCH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. KEMPF, S.J. *net*, $2.75.

LIFE OF ST. MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE. Illustrated. BOUGAUD. *net*, $2.75.

LIFE OF CHRIST. BUSINGER-BRENNAN. Illustrated. Half morocco, gilt edges, *net*, $15.00.

LIFE OF CHRIST. Illustrated. BUSINGER-MULLETT. *net*, $3.50.

LIFE OF CHRIST. COCHEM. *net*, $1.25.

LIFE OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. GENELLI, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

LIFE OF MADEMOISELLE LE GRAS. *net*, $1.25

LIFE OF POPE PIUS X. Illustrated. *net*, $3.50.
LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. ROHNER. *net*, $1.25.
LITTLE LIVES OF THE SAINTS FOR CHILDREN. BERTHOLD. *net*, $1.25.
LITTLE PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. With 400 illustrations. *net*, $2.00.
LIVES OF THE SAINTS. BUTLER. *net*, $1.25.
LOURDES. CLARKE, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
MARY THE QUEEN. By a Religious. *net*, $0.60.
MIDDLE AGES, THE. SHAHAN. *net*, $3.00.
MILL TOWN PASTOR, A. CONROY, S.J. *net*. $1.75.
NAMES THAT LIVE IN CATHOLIC HEARTS. SADLIER. *net*, $1.25.
OUR OWN ST. RITA. CORCORAN, O.S.A. *net*, $1.50.
PATRON SAINTS FOR CATHOLIC YOUTH. MANNIX. 3 vols. Each, *net*, $1.25.
PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. With nearly 400 illustrations and over 600 pages. *net*, $5.00.
POPULAR LIFE OF ST. TERESA. L'ABBÉ JOSEPH. *net*, $1.25.
PRINCIPLES ORIGIN AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES. BURNS, C.S.C. *net*, $2.50.
RAMBLES IN CATHOLIC LANDS. BARRETT, O.S.B. Illustrated. *net*, $3.50.
ROMA. Pagan Subterranean and Modern Rome in Word and Picture. By REV. ALBERT KUHN, O.S.B., D.D. Preface by CARDINAL GIBBONS. 617 pages. 744 illustrations. 48 full-page inserts, 3 plans of Rome in colors. 8½ x 12 inches. Red im. leather, gold side. *net*, $15.00.
ROMAN CURIA AS IT NOW EXISTS. MARTIN, S.J. *net*, $2.50.
ST. ANTHONY. WARD. *net*, $1.25.
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. DUBOIS, S.M. *net*, $1.25.
ST. JOAN OF ARC. LYNCH, S.J. Illustrated. *net*, $2.75.
ST. JOHN BERCHMANS. DELEHAYE, S.J.–SEMPLE, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
SAINTS AND PLACES. By JOHN AYSCOUGH. Illustrated. *net*, $3.00.
SHORT LIVES OF THE SAINTS. DONNELLY. *net*, $0.90.
STORY OF THE DIVINE CHILD. Told for Children. LINGS. *net*, $0.60.
STORY OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. LYNCH, S.J. Illustrated. *net*, $2.75.
WOMEN OF CATHOLICITY. SADLIER. *net*, $1.25.

VI. JUVENILES

FATHER FINN'S BOOKS.
Each, *net*, $1.50.
BOBBY IN MOVIELAND.
FACING DANGER.
HIS LUCKIEST YEAR. A Sequel to "Lucky Bob."
LUCKY BOB.
PERCY WYNN; OR, MAKING A BOY OF HIM.
TOM PLAYFAIR; OR, MAKING A START.
CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT; OR, HOW THE PROBLEM WAS SOLVED.
HARRY DEE; OR, WORKING IT OUT.
ETHELRED PRESTON; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A NEWCOMER.
THE BEST FOOT FORWARD; AND OTHER STORIES.
CUPID OF CAMPION.
THAT FOOTBALL GAME, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.
THE FAIRY OF THE SNOWS.
THAT OFFICE BOY.
HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.
MOSTLY BOYS. SHORT STORIES.

FATHER SPALDING'S BOOKS.
Each, *net*, $1.50.
SIGNALS FROM THE BAY TREE.
HELD IN THE EVERGLADES.
AT THE FOOT OF THE SAND-HILLS.
THE CAVE BY THE BEECH FORK.
THE SHERIFF OF THE BEECH FORK.
THE CAMP BY COPPER RIVER.
THE RACE FOR COPPER ISLAND.
THE MARKS OF THE BEAR CLAWS.
THE OLD MILL ON THE WITHROSE.
THE SUGAR CAMP AND AFTER.

ADVENTURE WITH THE APACHES. Ferry. *net*, $0.60.
ALTHEA. Nirdlinger. *net*, $1.00.
AS GOLD IN THE FURNACE. Copus, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
AS TRUE AS GOLD. Mannix. *net*, $0.60.
AT THE FOOT OF THE SAND-HILLS. Spalding, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
BELL FOUNDRY. Schaching, *net*, $0.60.
BERKLEYS, THE. Wight. *net*, $0.60.
BEST FOOT FORWARD, THE. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
BETWEEN FRIENDS. Aumerle. *net*, $1.00.
BISTOURI. Melandri. *net*, $0.60.
BLISSYLVANIA POST-OFFICE. Taggart. *net*, $0.60.
BOBBY IN MOVIELAND. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
BOB O'LINK. Waggaman. *net*, $0.60.
BROWNIE AND I. Aumerle. *n*, $1.00.
BUNT AND BILL. Mulholland. *net*, $0.60.
BY BRANSCOME RIVER. Taggart. *net*, $0.60.
CAMP BY COPPER RIVER. Spalding, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
CAPTAIN TED. Waggaman. *n*, $1.25.
CAVE BY THE BEECH FORK. Spalding, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
CHILDREN OF CUPA. Mannix. *net*, $0.60.
CHILDREN OF THE LOG CABIN. Delamare. *net*, $1.00.
CLARE LORAINE. "Lee." *n*, $1.00.
CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
COBRA ISLAND. Boyton, S.J. *net*, $1.15.
CUPA REVISITED. Mannix. *net*, $0.60.
CUPID OF CAMPION. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
DADDY DAN. Waggaman. *net*, $0.60.
DEAR FRIENDS. Nirdlinger. *net*, $1.00.
DIMPLING'S SUCCESS. Mulholland. *net*, $0.60.
ETHELRED PRESTON. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
EVERY-DAY GIRL, AN. Crowley. *net*, $0.60.
FACING DANGER. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
FAIRY OF THE SNOWS. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
FINDING OF TONY. Waggaman. *net*, $1.25.
FIVE BIRDS IN A NEST. Delamare. *net*, $1.00.
FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES. By a Religious. *net*, $1.00.
FLOWER OF THE FLOCK. Egan. *net*, $1.50.
FOR THE WHITE ROSE. Hinkson. *net*, $0.60.
FRED'S LITTLE DAUGHTER. Smith. *net*, $0.60.
FREDDY CARR'S ADVENTURES. Garrold, S.J. *net*, $1.00.
FREDDY CARR AND HIS FRIENDS. Garrold, S.J. *net*, $1.00.
GOLDEN LILY, THE. Hinkson. *net*, $0.60.
GREAT CAPTAIN, THE. Hinkson. *net*, $0.60.
HALDEMAN CHILDREN, THE. Mannix. *net*, $0.60.
HARMONY FLATS. Whitmire. *net*, $1.00.
HARRY DEE. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
HARRY RUSSELL. Copus, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
HEIR OF DREAMS, AN. O'Malley. *net*, $0.60.
HELD IN THE EVERGLADES. Spalding, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
HIS LUCKIEST YEAR. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
HOSTAGE OF WAR, A. Bonesteel. *net*, $0.60.
HOW THEY WORKED THEIR WAY. Egan. *net*, $1.00.
IN QUEST OF ADVENTURE. Mannix. *net*, $0.60.
IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN CHEST. Barton. *net*, $1.00.
JACK. By a Religious, H.C.J. *net*, $0.60.
JACK-O'LANTERN. Waggaman. *net*, $0.60.
JACK HILDRETH ON THE NILE. Taggart. *net*, $1.00.
JUNIORS OF ST. BEDE'S. Bryson. *net*, $1.00.
JUVENILE ROUND TABLE. First Series. *net*, $1.50.
JUVENILE ROUND TABLE. Second Series. *net*, $1.50.
KLONDIKE PICNIC, A. Donnelly. *net*, $1.00.
LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS. Lutz. *net*, $1.00.

LITTLE APOSTLE ON CRUTCHES. DELAMARE. *net* $0.60.
LITTLE GIRL FROM BACK EAST. ROBERTS. *net*, $0.60.
LITTLE LADY OF THE HALL. RYEMAN. *net*, $0.60.
LITTLE MARSHALLS AT THE LAKE. NIXON-ROULET. *net*, $1.00.
LITTLE MISSY. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $0.60.
LOYAL BLUE AND ROYAL SCARLET. TAGGART. *net*, $1.50.
LUCKY BOB. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
MADCAP SET AT ST. ANNE'S. BRUNOWE. *net*, $0.60.
MAD KNIGHT, THE. SCHACHING. *net*, $0.60.
MAKING OF MORTLAKE. COPUS, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
MAN FROM NOWHERE. SADLIER. *net*, $1.00.
MARKS OF THE BEAR CLAWS. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
MARY TRACY'S FORTUNE. SADLIER. *net*, $0.60.
MILLY AVELING. SMITH. *net*, $1.00.
MIRALDA. JOHNSON. *net*, $0.60.
MORE FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES. By a Religious. *net*, $1.00.
MOSTLY BOYS. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
MYSTERIOUS DOORWAY. SADLIER. *net*, $0.60.
MYSTERY OF HORNBY HALL. SADLIER. *net*, $1.00.
MYSTERY OF CLEVERLY. BARTON. *net*, $1.00.
NAN NOBODY. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $0.60.
NED RIEDER. WEHS. *net*, $1.00.
NEW SCHOLAR AT ST. ANNE'S. BRUNOWE. *net*, $1.00.
OLD CHARLMONT'S SEED-BED. SMITH. *net*, $0.60.
OLD MILL ON THE WITHROSE. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
ON THE OLD CAMPING GROUND. MANNIX. *net*, $1.00.
PANCHO AND PANCHITA. MANNIX. *net*, $0.60.
PAULINE ARCHER. SADLIER. *net*, $0.60.
PERCY WYNN. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
PERIL OF DIONYSIO. MANNIX. *net*, $0.60.
PETRONILLA. DONNELLY. *net*, $1.00.
PICKLE AND PEPPER. DORSEY. *net*, $1.50.
PILGRIM FROM IRELAND. CARNOT. *net*, $0.60.
PLAYWATER PLOT, THE. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $1.25.
POLLY DAY'S ISLAND. ROBERTS. *net*, $1.00.
POVERINA. BUCKENHAM. *net*, $1.00.
QUEEN'S PAGE, THE. HINKSON. *net*, $0.60.
QUEEN'S PROMISE, THE. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $1.25.
QUEST OF MARY SELWYN. CLEMENTIA. *net*, $1.50.
RACE FOR COPPER ISLAND. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
RECRUIT TOMMY COLLINS. BONESTEEL. *net*, $0.60.
ROMANCE OF THE SILVER SHOON. BEARNE, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
ST. CUTHBERT'S. COPUS, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
SANDY JOE. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $1.25.
SEA-GULL'S ROCK. SANDEAU. *net*, $0.60.
SEVEN LITTLE MARSHALLS. NIXON-ROULET. *net*, $0.60.
SHADOWS LIFTED. COPUS, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
SHERIFF OF THE BEECH FORK. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
SHIPMATES. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $1.25.
SIGNALS FROM THE BAY TREE. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
STRONG ARM OF AVALON. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $1.25.
SUGAR CAMP AND AFTER. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
SUMMER AT WOODVILLE. SADLIER. *net*, $0.60.
TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. DE CAPELLA. *net*, $1.00.
TALISMAN, THE. SADLIER. *net*, $1.00.
TAMING OF POLLY. DORSEY. *net*, $1.50.
THAT FOOTBALL GAME. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
THAT OFFICE BOY. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
THREE GIRLS AND ESPECIALLY ONE. TAGGART. *net*, $0.60.
TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT. SALOME. *net*, $1.00.
TOM LOSELY; BOY. COPUS, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
TOM PLAYFAIR. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
TOM'S LUCK-POT. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $0.60.
TOORALLADDY. WALSH. *net*, $0.60.
TRANSPLANTING OF TESSIE. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $1.25.

TREASURE OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN. Taggart. *net*, $1.00.
TWO LITTLE GIRLS Mack. *net*, $0.60.
UNCLE FRANK'S MARY. Clementia. *net*, $1.50.
UPS AND DOWNS OF MARJORIE. Waggaman. *net*, $0.60.
VIOLIN MAKER. Smith. *net*, $0.60
WINNETOU, THE APACHE KNIGHT. Taggart. *net*, $1.00.
YOUNG COLOR GUARD. Bonesteel. *net*, $0.60.

VII. NOVELS

ISABEL C. CLARKE'S GREAT NOVELS. Each, *net*, $2.00.
THE LIGHT ON THE LAGOON.
THE POTTER'S HOUSE.
TRESSIDER'S SISTER.
URSULA FINCH.
THE ELSTONES.
EUNICE.
LADY TRENT'S DAUGHTER.
CHILDREN OF EVE.
THE DEEP HEART.
WHOSE NAME IS LEGION.
FINE CLAY.
PRISONERS' YEARS.
THE REST HOUSE.
ONLY ANNE.
THE SECRET CITADEL.
BY THE BLUE RIVER.

ALBERTA: ADVENTURESS. L'Ermite. *net*, $2.00.
BACK TO THE WORLD. Champol. *net*, $2.00.
BARRIER, THE. Bazin. *net* $1.65.
BALLADS OF CHILDHOOD. Poems. Earls, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
BLACK BROTHERHOOD, THE. Garrold, S.J. *net*, $2.00.
BOND AND FREE. Connor. *n*, $1.00.
BUNNY'S HOUSE. Walker. *n*, $2.00.
"BUT THY LOVE AND THY GRACE." Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
BY THE BLUE RIVER. Clarke. *net*, $2.00.
CARROLL DARE. Waggaman. *net*, $1.25.
CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER. Brackel. *net*, $1.25.
CHILDREN OF EVE. Clarke. *net*, $2.00.
CONNOR D'ARCY'S STRUGGLES. Bertholds. *net*, $1.25.
CORINNE'S VOW. Waggaman. *net*, $1.25.
DAUGHTER OF KINGS, A. Hinkson. *net*, $2.00.
DEEP HEART, THE. Clarke. *net*, $2.00.
DENYS THE DREAMER. Hinkson. *net*, $2.00.
DION AND THE SIBYLS. Keon. *net*, $1.25.
ELDER MISS AINSBOROUGH, THE Taggart. *net*, $1.25.
ELSTONES, THE. Clarke. *net*, $2.00.
EUNICE. Clarke. *net*, $2.00.
FABIOLA. Wiseman. *net*, $1.00.
FABIOLA'S SISTERS. Clarke. *net*, $1.25.
FATAL BEACON, THE. Brackel. *net*, $1.25.
FAUSTULA. Ayscough. *net*, $2.00.
FINE CLAY. Clarke. *net*, $2.00.
FLAME OF THE FOREST. Bishop. *net*, $2.00.
FORGIVE AND FORGET. Lingen. *net*, $1.25.
GRAPES OF THORNS. Waggaman. *net*, $1.25.
HEART OF A MAN. Maher. *net*, $2.00.
HEARTS OF GOLD. Edhor. *n*, $1.25.
HEIRESS OF CRONENSTEIN. Hahn-Hahn. *net*, $1.00.
HER BLIND FOLLY. Holt. *net*, $1.25.
HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER. Hinkson. *net*, $2.00.
HER FATHER'S SHARE. Power. *net*, $1.25.
HER JOURNEY'S END. Cooke. *net*, $1.25.
IDOLS; or THE SECRET OF THE RUE CHAUSSE D'ANTIN. de Navery. *net*, $1.25.
IN GOD'S GOOD TIME. Ross. *net*, $1.00.
IN SPITE OF ALL. Staniforth, *net*, $1.25.
IN THE DAYS OF KING HAL. Taggart. *net*, $1.25.
IVY HEDGE, THE. Egan. *net* $2.00.
KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS. Harrison. *net*, $1.25.
LADY TRENT'S DAUGHTER. Clarke. *net*, $2.00.
LIGHT OF HIS COUNTENANCE. Hart. *net*, $1.00.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Jan. 2006

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 354 912 A